

COLLEGE

ENGLISH

NOVEMBER · 1943

COLLEGE ENGLISH

AN OFFICIAL ORGAN *of the* NATIONAL COUNCIL OF TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

W. WILBUR HATFIELD, *Editor*

B. E. BOOTHE, *Assistant Editor*

ADVISERS

ELECTED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS

ERNEST BERNBAUM, University of Illinois	FRED W. LORCH, Iowa State College
OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL, Columbia University	KEMP MALONE, Johns Hopkins University
HARDIN CRAIG, University of North Carolina	LOUISE POUND, University of Nebraska
JAMES H. HANFORD, Western Reserve University	WINFIELD H. ROGERS, Woman's College, University of North Carolina
ERNEST C. HASSOLD, University of Louisville	LOUISE M. ROSENBLATT, Brooklyn College
HARLAN HATCHER, Ohio State University	ARTHUR W. VAUGHAN, Alabama College
HOYT H. HUDSON, Stanford University	KARL YOUNG, Yale University
MERRITT Y. HUGHES, University of Wisconsin	

Vol. 5 CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 1943 No. 2

ART AND FORMULA IN THE SHORT STORY	<i>Warren Beck</i>	55
LOUIS ADAMIC, A PORTRAIT	<i>Joseph Remenyi</i>	62
THE TRAGEDY OF MARLOWE'S <i>Doctor Faustus</i>	<i>Arthur Mizener</i>	70
SQUARE-RIGGER ON A MODERN MISSION	<i>Helen and Richard Altick</i>	75
TRANSPLANTED NAMES	<i>Robert Withington</i>	80
ENGLISH IN UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN BASIC CURRICULUM	<i>Richard C. Boys</i>	85
MORE ENGLISH FOR ENGINEERS?	<i>Ralph M. Wardle</i>	91
ON CERTAIN REGRETTABLE TENDENCIES	<i>John C. McCloskey</i>	94
ROUND TABLE		
An Answer to Semitechnical Reading Equipment	<i>Alfred Owen Aldridge</i>	97
To the Editor	<i>Edward A. Jenne</i>	99
LESSON— <i>Poem</i>	<i>W. Edward Clark</i>	99
CURRENT ENGLISH FORUM		100
NEWS AND NOTES		102
The Periodicals		102
BOOKS		
An Introduction to Semantics	<i>Tom Burns Haber</i>	106
<i>The Patterns of English and American Fiction</i>	<i>Frederic I. Carpenter</i>	107
Introduction to Poetry	<i>A. L. Bader</i>	107
A College Introduction to Grammar	<i>James B. McMillan</i>	108
In Brief Review		109

College English is published monthly from October to May at the University of Chicago Press, 5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Subscription price, \$3.00 per year, single copies, 40 cents; in Canada, \$3.35; in other countries in the Postal Union, \$3.60. *College English* and the *English Journal*, to one address, \$4.50; in Canada, \$5.20; in other countries in the Postal Union, \$5.70.

Correspondence from libraries, agents, and dealers should be addressed to the University of Chicago Press. All other communications should be addressed to *College English*, 211 West Sixty-eighth Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1939, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

[PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS]

ADAPTED TO MILITARY SPECIFICATIONS...

Blair's MANUAL OF READING

by Walter Blair

The MANUAL OF READING is the only text planned and edited for military English courses that includes specific instruction on how to increase reading comprehension and also reading selections recommended for wartime training classes.

288 pages, \$1.40

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

Chicago

Atlanta

Dallas

New York

Among early adoptions

Alabama Polytechnic
Institute

De Paul University

Illinois Institute of
Technology

Bradley Polytechnic
Institute

Bowdoin College

University of Michigan

Hobart College

College of the City of
New York

Baylor University

University of Virginia

University of Maine

Just published

THE BOOK OF *Canadian Poetry*

Edited with Introduction and Notes

By A. J. M. SMITH

"The finest anthology which has been compiled in the course of Canadian literature. . . . The Introduction itself is a brilliant piece of exposition," says E. J. PRATT, poet and professor, Victoria College, Toronto.

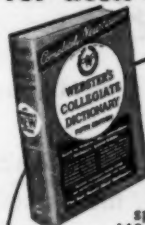
A selection of the best poems written by Canadians in English from 1825 to 1943—from Indian songs to contemporary poetry. Biographical notes introduce each poet.

Teachers will find especially useful many selections out of print and difficult to obtain for class study.

250 poems by 76 poets. 452 pages
Text edition, \$2.75; Trade edition, \$3.50

The University of Chicago Press

Two Indispensable Books for desk and classroom use

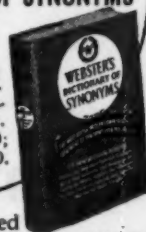


WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY-5th Ed.

The best handy-sized dictionary because it contains all the words most commonly used in speaking, reading, and writing. 110,000 entries; 1,300 pages; 1,800 illustrations. \$3.50-\$8.75.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS

A new book, on a new plan, designed to help the student use the right word in the right place. Contains antonyms, and analogous and contrasted words. 908 pages; alphabetical arrangement. Thumb indexed, \$4.00; without index, \$3.50.



Both books have been prepared by the same editorial staff that made WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition, "The Supreme Authority" for classroom and library use. Write for descriptive circulars.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

American Expression

On the War and the Peace

Annis Laurie Mohair and Doris Benardete, English Dept., Brooklyn College

This collection of formal and informal essays, letters, speeches, satiric sketches and book reviews gives an unbiased picture of America. The America of free expression—America unafraid—is reflected in this cross section of attitudes and the wide range of styles. It stimulates free, honest and logical thinking. 325 pp. \$1.75

Speaking and Listening

Bert Emsley, Frances E. Jones, William M. Timmons, Speech Dept., Ohio State University

This book gets results because it teaches speakers to hold the attention of their listeners, and the listeners to understand. These goals are achieved by placing emphasis on *facts*, *thinking-about-facts*, and *generalizations*. These are the very core of speaking to clarify and listening to understand. 138 pp. \$1.00

American
Book
Company

V...—

V These distinguished texts have been adopted for use in many of the Army and Navy special training programs. They are leaders in their fields.

American Thinking and Writing

By J. M. BACHELOR and RALPH L. HENRY

AMERICA today—50 modern essays that bring this living land to college students, with the techniques of our best contemporary writers to point the way to forceful expression of stimulating ideas. Reading is teamed with writing by questions that test careful reading, help the student to organize his opinions on the challenging ideas presented, then point out the stylistic devices that carried those ideas so effectively. Applying these methods, and with the further aid of exercises for building vocabulary, the student has a wide choice of provocative theme topics. There is a corrective handbook for dealing with composition errors.

565 pages. \$2.25.

Practical English Composition, 3rd Ed.

By EASLEY S. JONES

THIS is a thorough and comprehensive course in composition that is outstanding in its graphic method of presentation, its lively material, its informality of style, and its emphasis on clear thinking. It hammers on fundamentals, correlates reading and writing, and teaches the student to teach himself. It is the most practical text of its kind, combining the best features of a rhetoric, handbook, and workbook. It makes a particularly strong appeal to students, many of whom have said it to be their best book investment.

434 pages. \$2.50; drills omitted, \$2.20.

The Century Collegiate Handbook, Rev. Ed.

By GARLAND GREEVER and EASLEY S. JONES

REVISED to meet the newer demands of college and university courses, this long-popular guide to correct English usage has been simplified without losing any of the good features of the original. The number of articles has been reduced from 139 to 55. Additional units have been added on library-research, note-taking, the writing of term papers, and theme revision. It contains a wealth of fresh examples and new exercises. Comprehensive and convenient, it is highly practical in every way.

370 pages. \$1.35.

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY

35 West 32nd Street

New York 1, N.Y.

Important New

English Texts

READINGS FOR AN AIR AGE

By Merriam, Moore & Hathaway

The experience gathered from the actual teaching of trainees in aviation has been the basis for the material incorporated in this new book. Part I is composed of readings that are of immediate interest and directly related to the type of work in which the trainee will be engaged. Its aim is to teach the fundamentals of writing and speaking which such men will find most practical. The readings in Part II are examples of analytical American ideas on some of the problems of the present, examples of discussion forms, and speech models. The discussion and illustration of each type of exposition plus the exercises build the vocabulary in technical and semi-technical terminologies and teach the expression of precise and accurate written and spoken English.

Ready in December

\$2.00 (probable)

THE PRACTICE OF COMPOSITION

Revised Edition

Form B

By John M. Kierzek

This highly successful text combines a very teachable rhetoric and a complete, clearly arranged handbook, with expertly planned practice materials. The new alternate edition differs from the Form A edition of *The Practice of Composition* only in respect to the completely new set of exercises which it contains. Both editions will be available thereby giving the teacher an opportunity to alternate assignments and thus keep succeeding classes from becoming too familiar with either group.

484 pages

\$1.80

The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11

COLLEGE ENGLISH

Vol. 5

NOVEMBER 1943

No. 2

ART AND FORMULA IN THE SHORT STORY

WARREN BECK¹

"Literary short story," a widely current designation, is also a curious one. It seems both tautological and pretentious. Its alternative is that rickety phrase "experimental short story," implying apology for the erratic. And the use of "popular" as an opposite term suggests that fiction's "literary" child is a wallflower. Yet the literary or experimental short story emergent in America in the last two decades is a considerable thing, stemming from the influence of such artists as Chekhov, Katherine Mansfield, and Sherwood Anderson and widely exemplified by dynamic and unique writers as various as Hemingway, Saroyan, Irwin Shaw, and Eudora Welty. Nevertheless, this new fiction, though voluminous and energetic, has usually been confined to special channels.

The rising literary short story was encouraged chiefly by the late Edward J. O'Brien, the anthologist, and by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, of *Story*, together with the devoted promulgators of the so-called "little magazines." "Little" in this context indicates a regionally or locally based periodical, with few subscribers, alms-giving advertisers if any, a

modest format, tardy payment to the printer and none to contributors, and expectancy of a short life, but merry. Many a writer discovered by the little magazines, or at least heartened by their tendencies, does reach a larger audience and fairly profitable markets, as in the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, the established quarterlies, and the *New Yorker*, which have had a share in advancing the literary short story. However, those few magazines which the trade papers dub "quality" cannot furnish sufficient space for the able work of new writers in the experimental vein, and even fairly well-established authors continue to contribute to the "little" magazines, finding a responsive audience only at a sacrifice of wages and wide circulation.

This general pattern of publication can be viewed most easily in O'Brien's tabulations for his yearly anthologies. With their labeling of one-, two-, and three-star stories and their scoring of each magazine's percentage of distinguished fiction, these statistical exercises were indeed formidable. However, the anthologist once humorously included an author's friendly burlesque on this mathematizing of taste; and there could be no serious doubt that after his assiduous investigations O'Brien was simply explaining procedures and reporting re-

¹ Professor of English, Lawrence College; author of *The Blue Sash and Other Stories* (Antioch Press, 1941); represented in *Best Short Stories* (1939 and 1943); frequent contributor to *Story* and leading "little magazines"; author of various critical articles.

sults as clearly as possible. His discerning, as well as systematic, criticism emphasized actual differences, not only in qualities of fiction but in areas of literary influence. Artistically the struggling "little magazines" and a few others have led the way, according to O'Brien, have fostered literary experiment and advance; but the prosperous popular magazines have been timorous of innovation and content with banality.

These distinctions, while honoring progressive achievement, seem to have reinforced clumsy and obstructive prejudices in the minds of certain editors, writers, and readers, who allege that the experimental fiction is utterly esoteric. Yet the vexatiously named "literary short story" is scarcely a separable *species*. In trade jargon, the quality magazines and little magazines publish literary short stories, slick paper magazines and pulps do not; but, though commerce approximates such classifications, no *sharp* technical line divides the literary short story itself and the popular short story—nothing like a jurisdictional and cultural boundary between different nations—it is more a matter of natural zones, of gradation in a typical landscape and climate. However, men have always been able, in art as well as in so-called "civil life," to make war along the border without knowing just where the border is or whether there is one. The opposition of such fighting words as "literary" and "popular" guarantees an exchange of snubs and sneers.

This altercation centers, disconcertingly, over what constitutes a story. It is alleged that the product called "literary" has no plot, no dramatic skeleton and guts, is an arty fad, a melancholy blind alley off the main road of fiction; or, on the other hand, that the popular short story is without true characterization,

psychology, or any import and has been streamlined and stereotyped into a state indistinguishable from rigor mortis. Admittedly, the literary short story has revolted against some settled editorial concepts of fiction. The new movement has tended to attack rigid notions of separate and simplified literary forms. Thus experimental short stories, passing beyond pure eventfulness, often manifest some kinship with the reflective essay; and occasionally they sound a lyric tone.

This fusion should not disturb any except those who hold that the good God, along about sundown on the sixth day, also declared for short stories, essays, and lyric poems, and there *were* those, each according to its kind, and as little given to interbreeding as kangaroos, eagles, and oysters. Such a notion of literary forms as unique immutable absolutes, forever separate from each other, is of course a superstitious pseudo-classicism. There are observable tendencies in man's mind toward narration, the recapitulation of events in a dramatic continuity; tendencies toward reflection, the evaluation which abstracts ideas, and tendencies toward song, the celebration of mood in potently concrete and resonant phrases. Out of these intellectual bents have evolved differing habits and methods of literary formulation and correspondingly separate expectations by readers. How deeply these presumptions are rooted is shown by the surprise and pain, sometimes mounting to rage, of a popular-story addict first confronted with an experimental short story. Thus, too, the constant followers of a Lloyd Douglas may deny the name "novel" to Virginia Woolf's works, and addicts to Miss Millay may assert that E. E. Cummings has no command of the lyre or that Robert Frost is too matter-of-fact to be

called poet. Yet literary forms are only modes, not elemental matter; they are scarcely to be found in a chemically pure state. Often the richest narratives include a residue of musing like that of the essay, and a suggestive strain like poetry. Thomas Mann in his Joseph epic, Faulkner in *Absalom, Absalom!* or Dos Passos in *U.S.A.* could not have achieved such artistic potency had they been dominated by a correspondence-school formula for fiction. Similarly, the essay may lean on episode and may aspire to lyricism; poems may recount and expound as well as shadow forth. An extreme example of the spirit's priority over the letter of literary law may be seen in MacLeish's deflection of his uncompromised talent into a hortatory prose often magnificently poetic—that is, imaginative and humanely moving. A writer can profitably study the history of literary forms to note that, whenever they became rigid in practice and dogmatic in definition, they declined from vitality and freshness, and to see, on the other hand, that almost every renaissance or notably rich period has come by revolt against pseudo-classic bigotry as to just what a drama, a narrative, or a poem must or must not be. It is thus that the American literary short story has emerged in the last two decades, in its transcendence of the Poe-O. Henry patterns and its repudiation of standardized mass production for the magazines grown fat and gross on advertising.

Revolts, even for desirable ends, unfortunately breed defiant antipathies and barrenly negative attitudes, thus circumscribing practice, both critical and creative. Art, however, is not merely a matter of avoidance and refusal. Art is positively selective; it omits that it may emphasize what remains; it reduces to distill an essence. The jolly rule for

sculpturing, to take a block of marble and knock off what you don't want, scarcely conceals the necessity of the sculptor's knowing what he does want. A writer cannot make a narrative literary just by leaving out plot. However, he may find a humanly significant story in so slight an event that the fabricator to conventional patterns would pass it over. Conversely, one cannot make overt action more strongly dramatic just by stripping it of any meditative element or representation of subjectivity. Hemingway and Hemingway's imitators show two different meanings of the word "simple." While writers need most of all to determine what they are trying to do—what effects they wish to create, by which techniques—they must at the same time avoid affectation of extremes and absorption in prohibitive attitudes. The typical literary short story has a firm enough plot, by its own conception of the dramatic; the average popular-magazine story has characterization sufficient to its ends and may even suggest a theme. The flexible practice of a J. P. Marquand, presenting in turn a Mr. Moto and a George Apley, is no artistic duplicity but a useful demonstration that literature's realm is a federation of states, diverse in unity, wherein one need not be provincial. It is a shallow bohemianism to be supercilious about plot, as it is likewise a travesty of imaginative creation to exalt mere system. The experimental movement in the short story must be viewed not as a peevish reaction against plot but as a revolt against wooden formulas.

The problem of the formula short story is indeed insistent and complex. Numerous narratives describable in terms of formula do crowd into the popular magazines and produce the illusion, which commercial teachers of writing

foster, that command of a pattern is the straight and easy road to success. However, it is not as simple as it looks, and that is because formula is not the basic factor in question, is not a first cause. The formula short story is essentially the short story of platitude—the fable founded on sentimental mottoes. This assertion is based in part on the perhaps unconsciously rendered testimony of a practitioner—a rising slick-paper-magazine author once heard discussing formula narratives with a group of neophytes, ostensibly to teach them how to write such stories. Their laboratory specimen was a quite profitably published story about a man who couldn't make farming pay and went to the city, where he got a job in a livery stable, only to be oppressed and abused by his boss. The ex-farmer's young son was chagrined by his father's servitude and was delighted when papa finally socked the boss on the nose, quit the job, and decided to go back to the land. In his exegesis of this tale the rising author told the amateurs that the formula was: man's struggle with nature. The plot was alleged to have the proper inflection—the struggle abandoned, and the struggle heroically resumed. All present seemed to think it a story with a happy ending. If they did, what fulcrum supported the lever of their formula? Beyond the concept of the struggle-with-nature-resumed, were they not resting on several seedy platitudes—such as that, if at first you don't succeed, you should try, try again, and moreover that no red-blooded American should ever let the boss push him around, and finally, that a return to nature is always wise and virtuous? None of those analysts questioned whether it was heroic or even good horse sense for the man to start all over again on the farm, where presumably the same old unfavorable conditions prevailed. No one asked whether what the

man had to take from the boss wasn't less than what both he and his family would have to take if he failed again in agriculture. No one even asked whether he couldn't have found another job in town. Such questions would have raised a reprehensible doubt about the happiness of the ending. The point is that such apparent happiness as there was in the story (apart from the natural but fleeting gratification of poking the boss on the snoot) was founded on the crudest of sentimental illusions. This is not to reject heroism or any other virtue. The literary short story is not necessarily either cynical or despairing. Its writers would agree that we live by admiration, hope, and love; but they would inquire what is most admirable, what hopes are reasonable and potent, and how love can best fulfill and refine human nature; and they would remember that ill-advised devotion and expectation can produce not happiness but tragedy.

The formula short story, however, demands obvious action at any price, even that of superficiality. Vicissitude is the essence of formula fiction, as in the satirical recipe: "Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl." This may be more comprehensively stated in the lingo of the prize-fight broadcast: "He's up, he's down, he's up." To get a happy ending, you stop when the hero is up, presumably the winner. That's all there is to formula itself. But the formula does not tell the writer, or the reader either, which way is up. For this sense of direction the formula short story depends on a whole arsenal, an ever normal granary, of platitudes, held to be self-evident—to wit, that love will find a way, that mother knows best, that the police, the U.S. Cavalry, the handsome hero, and all other agencies of rescue and just retribution operate infallibly on a nick-of-time schedule, because it's dark-

est just before dawn, and of course love conquers all, and in no ambiguous sense.

The greatest distinction of the literary short story is in its protest against such a deceptive sentimentalizing of reality, its attempt to lay aside rose-colored glasses, its positive desire to see into things. Instructively, it may be noted of that formula story about the "struggle with nature" that its factual elements seem veracious. Such a man in such a predicament might have behaved thus, and his boy might have been glad that he did. Beneath the synopsis, however, lies the interpretation, dependent upon the author's understanding and ideals. A perceptive regional author like Ruth Suckow, for example, might have made a great story of the same action, but undistorted by platitude. Really imaginative treatment might let the reader sense the boy's illusion as illusion, with its pathetic devotion to deceptive human hopes; it might reveal the father's essential incapacity and evasiveness without condemning him; it might carry through to the whole family's morning-after on the unpromising farm; it might imply how men's passions still set them against each other, driving the less privileged and less able into the barren edges of economic wilderness; it might even show the boy's realization that he must find a better way than his father's. These are hypotheses, however, not formulas. Theme is always original, springing from the affirmations of personal life. Contrasted with an august practice of realism, the formula short story seems immature in its vision—like that little girl in the tale of innocence who saw brutal murder done, in silhouette on the window curtain, and was delighted by what she took for a superior Punch-and-Judy show.

Between popular and literary fiction thus may be observed general differ-

ences of orientation. These cannot be embraced in a rule, however, for to some readers certain allegedly literary short stories will seem delusively sentimental or destructively morbid, whereas many a popular action-story, while elementary in substance, will be felt by all but cynics and sophisticates to adhere incontestably to common sense, good taste, and kindness. For a case in point, one might contrast the novels of Thomas Wolfe and John Buchan. Is the latter's comparative reticence and self-restriction an actual inferiority or deficiency? Might not some intelligent readers think *Mountain Meadow* a more representative, affecting, and durable work of art than *Of Time and the River*? Moreover, even if figures in the formula story, childish viewed as entertaining puppets, are committed to stereotyped attitudes and actions and haloed by platitudes, theory should not anathematize such fiction. One may choose for one's self, if one dares, to try to live as much as possible without sentimental illusion; but criticism has no call to deny the harried housewife, the tired businessman, the repressed office girl, or the bored assembly-line worker a literary aspirin against the headache of a particular life. Perhaps the principle of freedom includes men's rights to the pipe dreams induced by the synthetic optimism of formula fiction. Yet, while literary doctrine cannot moralize on this point without presumptuousness and a possible loss of comprehension, the writer or reader must take his personal stand, choosing between the established sentimentalities of commercial fiction and the experimental thrusts of the literary short story, which aspires to realism. A Zane Grey could not think of letting the hero down; though evil is abroad in those fabricated open spaces, it is doomed to defeat, by a romantic necessitarianism. Steinbeck's "Leader of the Peo-

ple" reflects the West with fuller dimensions; here adventure and heroism are seen in their social and psychological contexts, and the pathos of division between generations in a family has as background a similarly melancholy separation between periods of the nation's life. A writer who takes the popular vein must be orthodox in his interpretations and must come smiling through; one who attempts the literary short story is on his own and must show some power of fresh and further revelation.

It seems, therefore, that if one rejects formula fiction, consistently one must reject all formulas about the short story—all pseudo-classic definition of fixed separate literary forms and all dogma as to the duty or privilege of fiction, whether to sentimentalize or reform, as well as all dependence on hand-me-down evaluations of human life or on minor vogues and affected fashions. Short stories are simply what different writers make them and what different readers accept, the broad spectrum of fiction being refracted from the infinite variety of persons and events. The intentionally literary writer must refrain, too, from tossing accusations of insincerity against popular professionals. The basic insincerity in art is to imitate perfunctorily, and those who do that seldom become professionals of any kind. The principle probably holds even in extreme cases, as of that wandering minstrel Saroyan, a perennial Narcissus with water wings, getting more acclaim and cash out of exhilarated self-scrutiny than anyone since Byron, and remaining inimitable, except by himself; or as of another extreme, a middle-aged bachelor hack earning his six thousand a year grinding out true confessions of virginity's precariousness, in the name of a horde of rag dolls from Amy to Zorabel. The true-

confessions man is a sordid sight, with his simple platform of a free press, free trade, and the sound of money; but beyond that he must have a certain knack and zip, which probably rest on an inner sympathy for distressed females, or at least a sentimental relishing of their melodramatic predicaments in song and story. The old hack may hate women and hate the rigors of his craft, but he's probably capable of weeping into his beer over a bird in a gilded cage. If he weren't, his sincere readers would smell him out. This psychological aspect of art has been most philosophically summed up to the effect that what gets the mazuma can't be faked. More than a promise of even five cents a word is required to make a confession ring true. Behind the formula lies the platitude, which the writer must feel in his bones before he can put it over on anyone else. In so personal a thing as literary expression, of whatever kind, sincerity is essential. Without a positive ardor, the flow of association on which invention and coloration depend cannot proceed spontaneously or fruitfully. "Be yourself" is hence perhaps the only rule about creative writing that can be laid down without qualification. And it is often misunderstood and misapplied, not only by credulous followers of the confessions formula, but by those intently literary amateurs who seek to be fashionably original, who would let themselves go, for instance, by trying to write like James Joyce. "Be a self" might make the principle clearer. Possibly all are victims of illusions; but at least let each stick to his own, meanwhile making sure that his ideas and feelings are the very best he can afford.

Fundamentally, the literary short story has been a movement toward a more searching intellectuality and subtler emotional realization. The trend

assumed the aspect of a revolt because the development of magazines as big advertising business had encouraged a standardization and a vulgarization of fiction-writing. But, although the formula short story was stimulated by commercialism, its method had evolved, in the first place, because a great many readers accept the platitudinous, live by it. The literary short story thus brings in only a minority report, and under democracy it cannot aspire to dictation and control. Neither should it shrink and blush. Since its critical theory assumes that the formula story of commerce is based on hollow sentimentalities and that manliness, as well as the truest felicity, lies rather in knowledge and exploitation of reality than in an escape into dreams, the literary short story is not just a defiance of a set technical form: it is the assertion of a different outlook, of a supposedly more penetrating view. While shoved aside into a few magazines, some of them "little" and obscure, the literary short story nevertheless can justly claim to be in the main historic stream of literature, not only in its reassertions of free procedures, but in its broader intellectuality and sympathy.

As to the future of fiction, however, this proves absolutely nothing. The great historic literature of realism, of searching view and thoughtful revelation, from which the literary short story claims honorable descent, was in its times limited in circulation to an educated minority, the literate minority; yet, even within this supposed élite, there was always a demand for sentimentality, to which professional literature often descended—even, for instance, in the aristocratic eighteenth century. Now that a degree of literacy is widespread and magazine stories

have been made part of the average person's diet, or drugs, it remains to be seen whether the demand upon fiction will ever cease to be preponderantly for escape, into mirages. If everything hoped for in the post-war world is to be achieved—if, for instance, that dangerous form of dreaming called isolationism and nationalism is to be cured—then many people, a political majority of people, will have to rise to a level of inquiry and responsibility to fact which would probably make them less tolerant of popular fiction's technicolored myths. Whether they will so rise (and without being seduced by other oversimplifications) is still in doubt. If they won't, they won't. Whoever wants to scold the human race, and the American people in particular, for dragging their heels and for their addiction to mental opiates had better abandon fiction and turn preacher, teacher, or politician. Literature, being a personal voice concerning the intangibles and mysteries of individual consciousness and behavior, must be tentative. It does not proclaim "Hear ye, hear ye!" or "Know all men . . ." or "Thus saith the Lord"; its accent is rather a quiet "Do you see what I see?" Such unobtrusiveness, which by inviting response allows art its evocative power, underlies an aesthetic the literary short story has sought to recapture. This form will thus remain the mode for those who wish to reveal, as they have learned by looking closely, the significations of our life, presented tactfully and without pretense, in that honest comradeship which neither sneers at men nor presumes methodically to enchant or to save them. It is a vocation only for those who seek to free themselves from narcotic illusions, who reject both a conventional sentimentality and a faddish affectation of morbidity, ideology, or worldliness.

And, while the literary short story allows no formula, it can claim and use the constant method of art. Vision is the genesis of the artistic—insight, the ardent perception of a humanely valued experience. That ardor motivates the entire process of creation. The theme of a story, the conceived appearance of truth, may emanate from a real incident, or a known personality, or qualities of a scene; it will be a transmutation, an abstraction, a strong “feeling” about a phase of life. That intuition is the germ, the spark of the story. It must then be reconditioned in a fictional form—event must be peopled, or character must be thrown into action. This device of rounding out, of bodying forth the story,

will test the writer’s inventiveness and strategy. Beneath all such ingenuity, however, lies the primary factor—the penetration of the original insight, together with the artist’s constancy to his vision and the modesty and fortitude of his attempt to render it persuasively in imaginative form. While his story may be less than he is, unworthy of him, it cannot be greater than he is, cannot rise above the reserved level of his personality. That is where humility comes in. Only his earnestness and his compassion give him courage to speak. And that is where formula falls behind. Why should he wish to speak unless he beholds the old ways of men in what seems to him a newly definable aspect, or even a fuller light?

LOUIS ADAMIC, A PORTRAIT

JOSEPH REMENYI¹

I

The spiritual portrait which Louis Adamic suggests is that of a writer who either endeavors or knows how to integrate the experiences of the foreign-born into fiction and sociological reports. During the last two decades he has aimed to reconcile the inevitable uprootedness of immigrants with the genuine rhythm of America.² As an observer and as a

recorder he showed vitality and also immunity to venom. He carried on with the evident enthusiasm of a fresh mind; paradoxically, his awareness of the antinomy of foreign birth and American adjustment accounts for the unity of his judgment. This is an active unity which does not permit circumstances to undermine his faith in the Americanization and Americanism of the foreign-born. Adamic is interested not merely in the superficial physical, mental, and moral survival of the immigrants; he is interested in America’s ability to win their love and in the quality of their affection to respond with warmth to America.

¹ Department of English, Cleveland College, Western Reserve University.

² Books by Louis Adamic: *Yerney’s Justice*, by Ivan Cankar (trans. from the Slovenian [Yugoslav]) (New York: Vanguard, 1926); *Robinson Jeffers* (Seattle: University of Washington Book Store, 1929); *Dynamite* (New York: Viking, 1931; rev. ed., 1935); *Laughing in the Jungle* (New York: Harper, 1932); *Struggle* (Los Angeles: Whipple, 1934); *The Native’s Return* (New York: Harper, 1934); *Grandsons* (New York: Harper, 1935); *Lucas, King of the Balucas* (Los Angeles: Whipple, 1935); *Cradle of Life* (New York: Harper, 1936); *The House in Antigua*

(New York: Harper, 1937); *My America, 1928–1938* (New York: Harper, 1938); *From Many Lands* (New York: Harper, 1940); *Two-Way Passage* (New York: Harper, 1941); *What’s Your Name?* (New York: Harper, 1942).

Generally he demonstrates an emotionally balanced though not consistently substantial intelligence. The *leitmotif* of Adamic's work is rather simple: man may be a physicochemical substance, yet he is also distinctly a human being. As such, in the capacity of a husband, father, lover, cabinetmaker, miner, storekeeper, etc., he feels and thinks in a human manner. Consequently, when he becomes an immigrant, the realism of a changed surrounding should not make him so different that he should forget the roots of his life. Adamic wants the immigrant to remain faithful to his spontaneous self; at the same time he believes that only in this manner can the immigrant profess the kind of Americanism that one may call robust and reliable. The past cannot be discarded in exchange for a pragmatic present. Of course, it would be wrong to assume that, by recognizing the interdependence of the immigrant's mental bearing in regard to his European past and American present, Adamic propagates some sort of split existence. He registers emotional and cultural factors that, if directed properly, assist the foreign-born in their successful acclimatization.

One does not have to accept this attitude unhesitatingly. Nevertheless, when one considers the mechanical and commercial postulates of our American life, it seems wise to gird one's self with memories of innocence and freshness. As the naïveté of childhood cannot be replaced with adult experiences, so the willingness and ability to accept America as one's country cannot obliterate the pre-existence of experiences over which, in an introspective sense, the immigrant has no control. The alternative of being a *déraciné* or a good American, though of foreign extraction, is of importance to every immigrant, and when he no longer

has to make a distinction, then, one may say, the past, as a tempter, has vanished, and only that remains of it which helps him to feel at ease in America. "Short is the little which remains to thee of life. Live as on a mountain," said Marcus Aurelius. That is, see things from a distance, learn to differentiate, give perspective a chance. An American, born, let us say, in Berea, Ohio, and living in New York, could not dismiss from his spirit the contours of his childhood related to Berea, Ohio; therefore it should be truism to agree with Adamic, who applies this elementary observation to the foreign-born in regard to their background. There is, indeed, nothing unusual in Adamic's thesis; however, what makes it significant is that his conclusions as an observer and as a writer show the homogeneous American face of the immigrant, despite heterogeneous and polyglot components of the spirit. The accent is American, though it sounds foreign. There is no day that could deny its dawn.

Adamic does not use a cryptic language for the expression of these familiar ideas. In fact, sometimes it would be desirable if his implications were less obvious. He is inclined to be too explicit. Whether wistful or sad, gay or pensive, his presentation is clear but not always artistic. One does not expect the ambiguity of a daguerreotype, but neither does one expect the commonplace obviousness of wedding photographs made in modern times. It is notable that Adamic's talent as a narrator occasionally enables him to produce loveliness, as in *The Native's Return*. Yet too often he exhibits an organic insensitiveness to style, to the scent of expression, despite his experiences as a writer. He has the power of visualization but rarely the magic of illumination. His realism is

frequently sociological chatter; it has the noise of an immigrant street fair; it has the undisciplined freedom of journalese. His technical skill, no doubt, has improved with the years. Fortunately, he never succumbed to the temptation of so-called sophistication and smugness. He had his brief period of Menckonian cleverness; it was an unsure existence and the mental storm and stress of his youth that explain this point of view. While part of his work gladdens one's heart, much of it is indifferent art or not very exciting sociology. Much of his work is written in a vein that justifies the space of a newspaper or of an alarmist magazine but should not be between the covers of a book.

Louis Adamic is not an immigrant writer, though he writes about immigrants and tries to synthesize their lives in his writings. He was a boy of fifteen when he arrived in America. He did not accept the mythology of a great many foreign-born in regard to America—namely, that only Anglo-Saxon Americans can reach the top of the hill. Allowing for the inevitable difficulties of transition, he did not have to preserve values that are so dear to an adult regardless of the social position of his origin. Adamic was a boy, pliable, fresh in his receptiveness, eager in his expressiveness, shy but not weak, and hardly handicapped by the image of foreign birth. Of course, the first fourteen years of his life, spent in the village of Blato, Carniola, and in the city of Lublyana, the capital of the Slovenian part of Austria, contributed to the making of his creative and interpretative spirit; so did his American experiences as a worker, as a newspaperman, as a soldier, and as a traveler. Adamic is an American writer who, as a rule, writes

about immigrants; his living abroad has only influenced the diction of his spirit but has not determined the quality of his culture. His taste is not that of a man who matured in Europe; his bias is not that of an Americanized European. His instinctive forebodings, or the joy that lives in his heart, are only an echo of his European upbringing in so far as there is no summer without a spring. His idiom is American, however unwilling and unable to be imprisoned in a traditional idiom of Americanism complacent with the less educated or less fortunate foreign-born. His foreignness is exotic, his Americanism is realistic. It is evident that Adamic could be only a visitor in Yugoslavia; a visitor whose homecoming should not be mistaken with the possibility of becoming a citizen of that country or of any other country. It is almost embarrassing to emphasize his Americanism. Adamic is an American whose theme of the foreign-born does not make him absent from the American scene.

II

Despite his realism, Adamic is a romantic sentinel of the foreign-born in a watchtower that he built himself. He understands the battle of the immigrants. He wants to restore their faith in themselves, and thus add to their faith in America. After all, they could be more human here than anywhere else, notwithstanding the tribulations and resentments caused by a new environment. There was a time when Adamic had literary affections and afflictions which were not particularly related to the foreign-born. No writer who deserves the name is ever severed from the roots of literature. His essay on *Robinson Jeffers*, and his story, *Lucas, King of the Balucas*, show the ambitions of a literary

pilgrim, sensible to eclecticism, boarding a train, known to others. His approach to the chaotic and austere world of *Jeffers* is somewhat awkward, the essay seems the utterance of a literary sensibility in need of orientation. In *Lucas, King of the Balucas*, Adamic pictures sinister and idealistic forces in a tropical sphere. The characterization of Weber, the sailor who tells the story, has psychological merit. The portrayal of the king, the disparity between the white and the black, the implication of remoteness in relation to the reader's world, shows an excusable creative adolescence. The story has the intimacy of an experience, it also springs from the memory of well-known exotic yarns. In this story Adamic shows the aesthetic side of his spirit—i.e., respect for style. While Adamic does not offend against the principle of verisimilitude, one senses the division between the spirit confined within himself and the intention to write a story that will help him to reach the goal of pure art.

In *The House in Antigua*, a later work, he reveals the same inorganic mixture of his creative spirit, only less successfully. This Guatemalan story, a combination of realism and romanticism, is the fictional equivalent of those human traits which express nostalgia for distances. The journals of a husband, the story of a happy marriage, the atmosphere of a house with traditions, remind one of those nineteenth-century European and American writers who in the shadow of a Venetian or a Florentine palace cried aloud with the enthusiasm of a discoverer, identifying the clichés of his legitimate subjectivity with valuable observations. Unfortunately, the book lacks the redeeming feature of good writing; it is inclined to be verbose. Adamic's weakest work, *Cradle of Life*,

though in psychological manner more in tune with the writer's inherited and perceptual intelligence, makes it akin to the taste of those who do not seem to differentiate between real poetic romanticism and loquacious narration. The psychology of Rudo Stanka, the illegitimate son of an aristocratic Moravian woman and of Crown Prince Rudolf, the son of Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria and king of Hungary, and the psychology of Dora, the brave peasant woman, and of the other characters is painfully contrived. The story, with its ancient castle and rural life, savors of those incredible and heroic popular novels which simple people used to read in the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It is a potential movie scenario. There seem to slumber in Adamic's subconscious self ashes of the experiences of his forebears, bizarre and picaresque, unsophisticated and undefinable, which are awakened by his creative urge and reinstated as heroes and heroines of adventures. Here and there one discerns romantic qualities in the book and realistic minuteness. In the poems and stories of Rainer Maria Rilke and Franz Kafka one is also apt to find a world of moral and emotional ruins; but these writers know how to penetrate shadows and be tender without displaying conspicuous formlessness.

These critical remarks do not wish to imply Adamic's lack of creative sincerity or a flagrant violation of integrity. In fact, his sometimes Millet-like simplicity explains his willingness to subordinate his imaginative intelligence to an idea which to him, in its humble and glorious aspects, seems related to folklore. Indeed, by nature, Adamic is a romanticist; his emotional mobility, his sometimes refreshing sensitiveness, his communicative cheerfulness, his common sense, help him to re-create the obvious. This

process of re-creation is perpetually mirroring a man whose enchantments bring him to the borderline of romantic platitudes; they do not become extraordinary by calling them strange. It seems that the spirit of his healthy and strong, superstitious and poetic, peasant ancestors is continually influencing the quality of his expressiveness. When he wishes to be a pronounced creative writer, and not solely a reporter endowed with some creative imagination, he is prone to succumb to that idealizing or exaggerating habit of peasants which enriched folklore but which seems out of place in an American writer who tries to answer questions with a sociological intelligence.

III

Adamic's spontaneity and authenticity attains greater force when he is concerned with problems of the labor movement and with immigrants. They are interrelated problems, of course, considering that the immigrant cannot be torn from the life of the laboring classes, and considering that one cannot pursue the fate of the workers in America without including the foreign-born. The documentary quality of his work related to laborers and to immigrants is paramount. When Adamic is very much stirred by unfairness, when the nakedness of sorrow seems unbearable, when dwarfs assume the jurisdiction of giants, his craving for truth and justice makes him impatient. In *Dynamite* his interest in labor and capital, in strikes and lockouts, in social conditions in general, is expressed with the indignation of a somewhat leftist vocabulary and with irony. Later Adamic softened his tone, but he remained convinced that there is much pretentiousness in labor leaders, and that there is too much preoccupation with unimportant things.

From all this it is evident that Adamic is not a "drawing-room" writer. His sympathetic, though not unique, approach to the problems of the foreign-born found its rhythm for the first time in a book entitled *Laughing in the Jungle*. On the seventh page of these memoirs this American writer of Slovenian origin makes the following confession: "Years after I came to America my oldest sister wrote to me that there was a story in the village that mother had laughed in her pains at my birth—which probably is not true; mother herself, who is still living, does not remember. But I know that when I was a boy she had—and probably still has—the gift of laughter in a greater measure than most people thereabouts; indeed, than most people anywhere." This seems a significant confession. It surely is unrestrained; it is also courageous, and delightful in its volatileness. It shows the uninhibited, autobiographical freedom of the writer; it shows that the forces with which he was in conflict could not overcome him, because, after all, his mother had laughed during her pains at his birth. In this book Adamic tells us why he came to America, his having met with "green-horns," his experiences of transition, his mingling with I.W.W. workers, his fondness of "Mencken's gusto," his sojourn in California, and of many other experiences. The confessions are summed up in a postscript thus: "I still have no real complaint against America, the jungle. I have come here for excitement and adventure. I have never been hungry for more than two days since I am here. The jungle has been and is vastly interesting. Too interesting. Sometimes it is overwhelming in its complexity and melodrama. And, as I say, lately I find it difficult to laugh. But I stay and intend to remain here." It

should be said that these lines were written in the month of January, 1932, with the memory of the financial crash of 1929 and the subsequent events.

In the words "lately I find it difficult to laugh, but I stay and intend to remain here," we can observe the later Adamic, the author of *The Native's Return*, *My America*, *From Many Lands*, and *What's Your Name?* This Galahad of the foreign-born is a prudent person, but also a fighter. The antithesis of his spirit fashions the material and form of his work. Theorization is not his outstanding manner of expression, but he knows how to live and how to extract meaning from the sometimes inextricable labyrinth of America. Here is a man whose parents expected him to become a Jesuit and hoped that he would consecrate his life to God. Instead of that he consecrated his life to the existence of those millions whose process of adjustment to the American scene was too often expressed in the crude image of a "hunky," a "dago," a Pole. The scope of his topic is broad, but he knew how to make it intimate. His return to his native land was his catharsis. It does not seem wrong to say that his best book (though verbose like the rest of his books) shows an insight that the recaptured spirit of the Old World offered to a returned son. Though Adamic was only a boy when he left his native land, his large family stayed over there and the fragments of his childhood dreams remained there. With an Antaeus-like perseverance and fervor, Adamic had to touch his native soil once more. *The Native's Return* is a confession woven from everyday material, which, however, became vivid and exciting in the interpretation of the writer. The recurrent motif of the book has a folklore rhythm. Legends, cere-

monies, songs, quickened the pulse of the writer whenever he wrote about them, and they supplied him with abundant lyricism. Occasionally his frankness is Rousseauesque. Sometimes the impressions are subtle, sometimes incomplete, sometimes shadowy. Notwithstanding the formless organizing of the experience (the zealot in Adamic is powerful, but not necessarily in the possession of a sense of form), the general impression that the book offers is favorable. It poignantly brings out the fact that the creative spirit is apt to be challenged by the memories of early youth; but it also brings out the fact that Adamic's relation to the past is not that of an immigrant but of a boy who, as an adult, with the eyes of a good observer and with a talent for narration, rationalized through himself the psychology of the immigrant, in order to make the epic and dramatic symbol of the native's return valid for grownups. Adamic does not distort; he tries to organize his experiences. By the very nature of things in such work artistic sensibilities, though applied fragmentarily, define the psychology of the return, and thus it is not the return that defines the psychology of organized experiences. If Ovid, after Tomi, would have written a book about a native's return to Rome, that would have meant getting home. Adamic, the writer of immigrants, but himself not an immigrant in the full (adult) sense of the word, merely visited his birthplace.

In *My America* Adamic's interpretation differs somewhat from his earlier books. This was inevitable. Meanwhile much had happened to him. In his diagnosis of American political, social, and economic conditions he points out the incongruousness of many American facts and phenomena. Unfortunately, his gen-

eralizations (deriving from an inclination for moralization) suggest the empiricist, too much in a hurry for expression. The stories and sketches of *From Many Lands* reveal the writer's interest in the foreign-born. He does not write about them with a Quaker's affection for his brethren, yet with sympathy and understanding that should open the eyes of readers who heretofore were complacent with these "new Americans." Armenians, Greeks, Poles, Slovenians, and other nationalities appear on the pages of this book; they touch the reader's heart, if he is receptive to feeling and simple humor. Style is not the major attribute of Adamic; an insight, a sense of fair mindedness, an intuitive pleasure in honest efforts, gives the book a spiritual and emotional unity. Only a few of the stories are well rounded; the language is sometimes too prosaic. Adamic's main gift lies in his ability to transcend the limits of the immigrants' horizon by shaping the tale of their dreams and achievements so that they suddenly become aware of their beating hearts, of the design of their lives, of their externalized existences, unable to hide the specter of their inner lives. Adamic's recent book *What's Your Name?* deals with problems of changing one's name. Aesthetic considerations must be excluded from the evaluation of this book; it is amusing as well as informative for the reader who knows nothing about this problem. Quite obviously, in many instances foreign names signify difficulties of Americanization.

IV

To get the right perspective on Adamic's work it is well to refer to a novel of his, entitled *Grandsons*, and to a pamphlet, entitled *Two Way Passage*. Adamic is a man of action

and, at the same time, a contemplative person. As a man of action he must produce results while to be a literary artist is a result in itself. The man of action predominates in Adamic. Hence, when he wished to write a competent novel—and evidently that was his intention when he wrote *Grandsons*—the man of action interfered with the creative artist. Much of the material of this novel derives from personal experiences. It is the story of three men, Peter and Andre Gale, and their cousin, Jack. Their characters reveal their Slovenian, Yankee, and Indian ancestry. Adamic does not know how to be impersonal, therefore even as a novelist he is emphatically subjective. This, naturally, would not be a fault; but in this novel his subjectivity is not artistically projected. This is an example of his writing: "Some time before I had read in a magazine that second generation Americans, children of immigrants of most nationalities, had a tendency to feel ashamed of their parents and repudiate their racial background, to draw away from people of their own blood; while third generation Americans, the immigrants' grandchildren, tended very strongly to return or rather to seek out people of their racial strains and discover their backgrounds." In this instance it is unimportant whether the statement is a truthful generalization or whether it is based on assumption. The point is—and the novel is criticized as a work of art—that this quotation surely does not convey a fictional quality; it is comprehensive; it shows a clumsy fluency of expression, a flatness that states but does not reveal. It would seem that Adamic, who knows how to communicate facts and observations, would have found in time the artistic medium of articulation. How-

ever, while there are qualities of character delineation in this novel, while the relationship of the three Gales to America (each one alive in his own fashion) is made quite convincing, one feels that the writer is very busy in informing the reader and very didactic in his intentions. The texture of the novel is not artistic. One recognizes the throbbing heart of Adamic, but it is a different thing to tell a story, and it is a different thing to transmute the spirit of facts into the fact of the spirit.

Because Adamic is a man of action, and also a man of vision, his *Two Way Passage* is consistent with the rest of his works. It shows the current of his mind, which wants to influence the world and likes to indulge in the conviction that the word, with the aid of ideas, could do it. In this pamphlet, written with haste, Adamic outlines his plan about the post-war reconstruction of Europe. He suggests that Americans of European extraction, blessed with a democratic intelligence, social conscience, and practicality, should be given an opportunity to do this work. There is no reason to doubt that every worth-while scheme in this world originated in a dream; therefore it is not outside reasonableness to see in the idea of Adamic the possibility of an act. It is regrettable that Adamic's plan for a better Europe does not make one forget that a crucified Europe remains a continent with human beings even after this total war, and the realism of a romantic spirit, if applied in the form of a plan as suggested in this pamphlet, will hardly diminish the wilfulness, selfishness, vanity, legitimate national pride, pathological local patriotism, and individual and group self-centeredness of people. Of course, for a man of action nothing is impossible; it is the man of reflection who distin-

guishes between the probable and the possible.

It follows from Adamic's crusading and pamphleteering disposition and ambition that, in his desire to impress America and humanity with the danger of prejudices and with the importance of reforms, he needs the immediate approach to the public through the printed word. In 1940 he established and edited a quarterly, entitled *Common Ground*. Later he withdrew as editor of this publication, but not from the principles of the Common Council for American Unity of which the quarterly is an official organ. His broadsides are vehicles of a certain kind of information and propaganda about problems related to America and to the international scene. The unifying principle of all these activities seems to be a conviction that the political, social, and economic squalor of mankind in the twentieth century must be eliminated. Scattered through the pages of *Common Ground* and his broadsides one encounters utterances which aim to make a wider understanding of human responsibility intelligible even to the skeptical and the indifferent. As a lecturer he employs the method of a popularizer of local and world-remaking schemes; as a recent organizer of the United Committee of South-Slavic Americans he shows signs of race-consciousness (it may be a principle of post-war strategy with him), which seem incongruous with the impartiality of the spirit he implied heretofore.

V

In an age of extreme wealth and extreme poverty erupting in universal distress, what is the value of humane-ness? Is it a formula ridiculous in the face of actual disasters? Is it sentimentalism in a mechanized world? Yet what

value can one attribute to the isolationism of Horace's *Odi profanum*? Even in its rawness, life cannot be ignored. To be concerned with mankind one does not have to be a crusader of humanitarian views, only realistic in a constructive sense. Dwelling in a world of confusion, from which America cannot be excluded, what merit should one attach to a writer who, while criticizing our social system, does not condemn the principle of it, and whose creative morality insists upon the idea of human rights because they are identical with democratic rights? To be a snob in a democracy does not make of an individual a Henry Adams; in the eyes of such a man, however, it reduces Henry Adams to the level of a snob, who thus questions the validity of democracy. Yet democracy is not demagoguery, notwithstanding the delirious gestures of certain politicians and the untutored taste of millions. Carl Sandburg sings about the people that will live on despite their blundering. In the terminology of

Louis Adamic, good fellowship, as a democratic creed, is not sufficient. In a sense what he stands for is as old as the first dream of human justice. Love cannot be conscripted; it must be practiced. His stories, sketches, confessions, articles, and autobiographical revelations should be considered arguments in favor of humaneness. This is the thesis of all his writings and activities. Humaneness transcends good fellowship, as truth transcends mere consideration. Adamic handles his material with a self-conscious spirit; the objective of his creative and interpretative expression is an America and a world that should and could be the symbol of fair play, thus humiliating the vileness of those who enjoy triumphant ignobility or cunning arrogance. As a creative artist he is very uneven—in his ideas there is not enough variety—but his work suggests humaneness, regardless of whether he writes about people whose experiences he shared or about people whose experiences he remembered.

THE TRAGEDY OF MARLOWE'S *DOCTOR FAUSTUS*

ARTHUR MIZENER¹

Most teachers of the drama are probably agreed that we have had enough "appreciation" of great plays. The vague, emotive kind of generalization which this approach encourages seems, however, to cling with a peculiar persistence to the very great plays of the English Renaissance, which appear so so romantic. Perhaps as a logical consequence of this appearance, these plays were first generally studied in the nineteenth century, and we are all more or

less tyrannized over by the kind of critical judgments which got attached to them at that time. We are distressed by remarks like the following about Doctor Faustus' prayer to Helen, without knowing exactly how to escape them: "If sheer ecstasy was ever expressed in poetry, it is here, in lines the most beautiful that Marlowe ever wrote. Here we have the essence of his genius." I suspect this kind of comment distresses our students even more than it does us. We have, however, a better

¹ Department of English, Wells College.

way of studying plays than the one which produces outbursts of this kind, and we ought to re-read the Renaissance plays in this way. This essay is, then, an attempt so to re-read *Doctor Faustus*, in the hope that such a re-reading will give us a knowledge of the play which will enable us to talk to our undergraduates about it without sacrificing either their interest or our self-respect.

Let me begin with those "lines the most beautiful that Marlowe ever wrote." He wrote them more than once, as a matter of fact, and when they first appear, in *Dido*, they are little more than a version of the Elizabethan convention in which the lover, by ascribing to the beloved the attributes of divinity, at once finds for him the maximum glory and ironically suggests the tragic limitations of all those marvelous earthly things, such as human and physical love, which remain forever at the mercy of time. There is little doubt, since this kind of hyperbolic irony is characteristic of Marlowe's verse, that he is intentionally stressing the ironic implications of "eternity" and "immortal" when he has Dido say of Aeneas:

If he foresake me not, I never die,
For in his looks I see eternity,
And he'll make me immortal with a kiss [Act IV,
scene 4, ll. 121-23].

But, when Doctor Faustus says to that shadow of a shadow which he has conjured up: "Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss" (Act V, scene 1, l. 109),² the irony of that established convention has behind it the whole weight of the play. For this Faustus, who has the Renaissance man's intense awareness of the splendor of power and knowledge and sensation, nevertheless lives in a world, as did the Renaissance

man also, in which it was impossible to remain forever unaware that there are more things in heaven and earth than "philosophy" dreams of. The grounds on which he determines to dwell here forever—"for heaven is in these lips, / And all is dross that is not Helena" (*ibid.*, ll. 112-13)—are true in a sense, but, tragically, not forever; it is precisely their opposite which is ultimately true. For, if there is a heaven of sensation in Helen's lips, the Renaissance mind could nonetheless never forget what ruin had taught it: "That Time will come and take my love away." Indeed, it even knew in this case that time had already done so: "*Was* this the face," says Faustus, "that launch'd a thousand ships?" That past tense is his confession, conscious or unconscious (the point is that Marlowe was acutely aware of this fact), of the substantial failure of his career.

Faustus loved the things of this world so much that he was willing to sacrifice his soul in order to free them from time, in order that they might exist as in eternity and he enjoy them as a god might. He longed to put a wall of brass around Germany, to see "learned Maro's golden tomb" (Act III, scene 1, l. 14), to be able to make "The moon drop from her sphere, / Or the ocean to overwhelm the world" (Act I, scene 3, ll. 40-41). And I suppose it to be no accident that when Shakespeare, in the sonnet from which I have just quoted, came to name those things whose "Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate— / That Time will come and take my love away," he, too, thought of these things:

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage:
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore. . . .

² The references are to *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, ed. Frederick S. Boas (Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1932).

Yet, for all Faustus has sacrificed to free himself and the things of this world from time, he has been fobbed off with an illusion, for it is not Helen who kisses him; it is only the shadow of that shadow that *was* Helen—one of those thoughts of past time which are, as Raleigh said, like flames of hell. The whole speech goes to show that Marlowe certainly meant this too, for, if "Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter / When he appeared to hapless Semele" (Act V, scene 1, ll. 122-23) makes Helen supremely bright, it also implies that Faustus, like Semele, will die of that brightness.

But Marlowe's mind was aflame with the physical loveliness of this world and with the thoughts of past time which seemed so alive with it and with the scientific magic by means of which mathematical explorers like Harriot and geographical explorers like Raleigh seemed forever on the verge of conquering time and space and thus giving man power over such loveliness. Had not Harriot seen the satellites of Jupiter, and had not Raleigh come back from Guiana with reports of a country where there were

deere crossing in everie path, the brides towards the evening singing in every tree, with a thousand and several tunes, cranes and herons of white, crimson and carnation, pearching in the river's side, the air fresh with a gentle Easterly winde, and every stone that we stouped to take up, promised either golde or silver by his complexion?

No wonder that under these circumstances the Renaissance mind was only with the greatest difficulty "persuaded that God hath shut up all light of learning within the lanthorn of Aristotle's brains" or that Marlowe begins his presentation of the history of Doctor Faustus at the moment when Faustus has become convinced that with the tradi-

tional and permitted learning of the universities he was bound to remain "still but Faustus, and a man" and is ready to be enticed, since he so longs to be a demigod, to practice more than is permitted by the heavenly powers—by that heaven which is not now and never was in Helen's lips.

For if the Renaissance mind was aflame with thoughts of the splendor of life and of the knowledge and power which were the means to its realization, it was also, thanks to what Professor Farnham has called its "medieval heritage," imbued with the knowledge that these flames were the flames of hell and that Faustus would have done better merely to wonder at unlawful things, as the Epilogue says, than to be enticed "To practice magic and concealed arts" (Act I, scene 1, l. 103). To see so clearly what eternal joy was and to feel so strongly the desirability of having "all things that move between the quiet poles . . . at my command" (*ibid.*, ll. 57-58), which was its simulacrum, was the tragic dilemma of the Renaissance mind. "Bi-fold authority!" as Troilus said,

where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt. . . .

It is within the limits of this dualism that the tragical history of the life and death of Doctor Faustus exists. It is a simple-enough proposition when it is stated abstractly in this way and one with which, in one form or another, even those students most liberated from the trammels of superstition may be expected to have some familiarity. At least so I imagined until I recently discovered one of the standard books on Marlowe saying that Mephistophilis' "I who saw the face of God" means "I whose mind was filled with vision and aspiration" as Tamburlaine's was and adding that

in *Doctor Faustus* "Marlowe, in love with the beauty and splendor of man, stops short out of momentary timidity when he might have found in the worship of the spirit of man . . . that divine element whose loss he mourned." This, I must admit, tends to show that even some awareness of Faustus' dilemma will not save a student from missing the point if he be sufficiently hell-bent on believing that "the spirit of man" is an adequate substitute for grace.

What is certainly far from easy but what can at least be pointed to, once these limits have been established, are the range and immediacy, the complexity and precision, of the local habitation this dualism has in Marlowe's play. The framework of it may be put in some such simile as that "the power of scientific knowledge is like the power of black magic." This tendency to identify the prophecies of astrology with astronomy, the realization of the pagan and sensuous delights of Helen and Cressida with the empirical methods of investigating the natural world, was common enough in the Renaissance world. But if this identification was true for Marlowe, it was also very convenient to his dramatic needs, for it meant that, far from denying the reality of heaven and hell by affirming the reality of the sensuous world, his play could affirm the latter only by affirming the former. The reality of Lucifer, who commands the sensuous world and who is in hell, necessarily implies the reality of Christ and heaven. Mephistophilis himself is forced to bear witness to this, and it is with great subtlety that Marlowe represents Faustus' response to Mephistophilis' damnation. Sometimes, with simple tragic irony, he denies to Mephistophilis' face the reality of damnation: "Come," he tells Mephistophilis, "I

think hell's a fable" (Act II, scene 1, l. 128). Sometimes he accepts the reality of Mephistophilis' damnation, but with a light-heartedness which is at once appealing and terrifying he says:

This word "damnation" terrifies me not
For I confound hell in Elysium:
My ghost be with the old philosophers! [Act I,
scene 3, ll. 61-63].

And, when Mephistophilis grows "passionate" at the thought of what he "that saw the face of God, / And tasted the eternal joys of heaven" (*ibid.*, ll. 79-80) must now endure eternally, Faustus urges him with terrifying and fatuous complacency to "Learn . . . of Faustus manly fortitude, / And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess" (*ibid.*, ll. 87-88). For Faustus, too, has put his faith in the application of the empirical method, even to revelation itself; like Raleigh he cannot be persuaded that all the light of learning has been shut up in the lanthorn of Aristotle's brains—or God's either; he has put his faith, that is, in man's reason, in those "thoughts of things divine [which] are intermix'd / With scruples and do set the word itself / Against the word," and has discovered, as he thinks, that, since all men are sinners and the wages of sin damnation, all men must be damned. But he has yet to realize what it means to be damned, and his easy "fortitude" is to all intents and purposes the equivalent of his "Come, I think hell's a fable."

Marlowe's play consists of a series of episodes which exploit this central metaphor of the play, that the power of reason, of scientific thinking, with all that it can do for us and all it will do to us, is the power of black magic. The overt emphasis, in the earlier episodes, is all on what it can do for us, though this overt emphasis is qualified, as the play proceeds, by an increasing emphasis on

what it will do to us, by Faustus' increasing awareness of what damnation is. The two attitudes perhaps reach a climax of balance when Faustus cries: "O, Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour, / Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!" (Act II, scene 2, ll. 85-86). And, as the stage direction says, "Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis." During the early episodes of the play, however, there is an implicit emphasis on the religious attitude which similarly balances the overt emphasis on the rational attitude, that is, the implications of the language and action are always asserting the reality of the authority which Faustus is ignoring or denying. The main resort of the action for this purpose is the continuous presence of the damned Mephistophilis, whose hell is, as he says, always with him ("What! sleeping, eating, walking and disputing!" says Faustus gaily; "Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd" [Act II, scene 1, ll. 139-40]). As I have already suggested in the case of the word "heavenly," the main resort of the expression of the play for asserting the reality of divine authority when Faustus is asserting the reality of the senses alone is its steady, ironic application of the religious language, which echoes through the early episodes of the play. "These metaphysics of magicians, / And necromantic books are heavenly" (Act I, scene 1, ll. 50-51); "O, this cheers my soul" (*ibid.*, l. 150); "A sound magician is a *demi-god*" (*ibid.*, l. 63); "these books . . . shall make all nations to canonize us" (*ibid.*, ll. 120-21); "The *miracles* that magic will perform" (*ibid.*, l. 137); and, when Faustus has just finished "racking the name of God, abjuring the scriptures and his saviour Christ" (Act I, scene 3, ll. 49-50) and Mephistophilis has appeared, "I see there's *virtue* in my heav-

only words" (*ibid.*, l. 29); and, when Faustus has signed the bond written in his own blood, "*Consummatum est*; this bill is ended" (Act II, scene 1, l. 74). This last case is perhaps the sharpest of them all, that Faustus should have used Christ's last words to signify the completion of his bill; for as Christ's blood had flowed freely that men might be forgiven, so Faustus' had refused to flow that he might write "Faustus gives to thee his soul" and be enslaved.

Faustus' growing realization of what damnation consists in is almost entirely represented in terms of his understanding of why his blood congealed when he tried to make it flow entirely for sensation, of the limited sense in which necromantic books and Helen are heavenly and time eternal. Perhaps the most impressive of these is his quiet, hopeless, persistent awareness of "The restless course / That time doth run with calm and silent foot / Shortening my days and thread of vital life" (Act IV, scene 2A, ll. 101-3). He does not, of course, to the very end, lose his delight in the sensuous world, though more and more it becomes merely a diversion from the thoughts of damnation—and a diversion more than ever haunted by the ironies of a shadowy Helen and a temporary immortality. Thus it is that in his last great soliloquy Faustus' mind dwells on the evil of those books which put all nature's treasure at his command, the ruin that time has wrought, and the saving grace of Christ's blood. For in order to possess the things of time Faustus has put himself at the mercy of time, and as the terrible clock strikes he can only plead that time may stop in the realm of time itself:

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day. . . .

That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
 O lente, lente currite noctis equi!
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will
 strike,
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be
 damn'd [Act V, scene 2, ll. 140-48].

For fair nature can do nothing more than she has done for Faustus; and no amount of knowledge about the motion of the ever moving spheres will be enough to give Faustus the power to make them stand still: only prayer can do that, if it can be done at all. It is typical of Marlowe's stressing of the bifold authority of the world of his play, however, that even in this final moment nature should seem fair to Faustus—the very nature the knowledge of whose treasures has damned him—and that Faustus in pleading for time to cease should quote the words of Ovid's lover as he lay in the arms of Corinna. When nature fails him, Faustus turns to Christ; but he cannot reach the saving blood of Christ which he sees streaming through the whole firmament; there is not a drop for him. As a last, hopeless gesture he offers to sacrifice his "heavenly" necromantic books themselves.

I do not know just how far, once they have been pointed out, we can count on these things' taking effect, being felt by our students and not merely "thought" by them; there is a good deal of evidence that the percentage of cases in which anything like a full response occurs is low. These things ought to awaken echoes rich with a significance which runs, on the one hand, from Heraclitus to Mr. I. A. Richards and, on the other, through the whole range of Western Christianity; so that the statement of *Doctor Faustus* is a statement with a scope, compression, and particularity impossible to any analytical statement, however exhaustive. But they do not always awaken all these echoes, I am afraid, in every mind. At least, however, we can feel confident, when we have pointed to what is meaningful in *Doctor Faustus*, that we have pointed to something which is at once concrete and significant and moving in the play. And perhaps the only way anyone ever becomes capable of realizing his world in all its scope and immediacy is by realizing statements about it like *Doctor Faustus*.

SQUARE-RIGGER ON A MODERN MISSION

HELEN AND RICHARD ALTICK¹

Henry Major Tomlinson in the era-between-wars was one of those writers against war whom Mr. MacLeish has categorically accused of having contributed much to the so-called "psychological disarmament" of the democracies. History will decide whether eventually

he will be sanctified as a passionate but unheeded prophet or assigned a particularly bleak station in the outer darkness as an unwitting but effective saboteur of democratic morale. The results of the present war must first be in, and the crusade against war given a chance to revive, before we can be sure what the writers of anti-war tracts in the 1920's and 1930's really did to us. Meanwhile, Tomlinson's books remain—a long list

¹ Mrs. Altick is a teacher in the public schools of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and Dr. Altick is a member of the department of English of Franklin and Marshall College.

of them—full of bitterness eloquently expressed; and Tomlinson himself, approaching the age of seventy, observes the battle for the *Atlantic Monthly*. And while a definitive critique of his work would still be premature, the most important chapters of his career were ended irrevocably in the first days of September, 1939. Hence a retrospective glance at Tomlinson against the background of the present war is certainly in order.

He has a place all his own among the writers who are supposed to have "softened" us for the ordeal of the present day; he might even be called the dean of the group. The most typical and most famous literary expositors of disillusionment, men like Hemingway and Remarque and Dos Passos, whose names occur in Mr. MacLeish's famous speech, were young men in 1914. They were to be disillusioned first of all by the first World War. Tomlinson, however, had drunk his bitter draft long before Sarajevo, and the war merely added desperate emphasis and urgency to convictions he had long entertained. While he was, in some respects, a most effective ally of the younger writers in their indictment of war, he was not one of them. He was the man the older generation of British writers sent to redeem the idiot of Mars; and he brought to his task something of the temperament of a Cunninghame Graham or a W. H. Hudson.

"Down Poplar way," in the 1870's, was no place for a congenital romanticist to be born. It was the twilight of the gods—twilight of the era that had seen tall-masted ships by the score thrusting their bowsprits far across the wharves and waterside streets of the East End. But the funereal pall of smoke had not yet settled so thickly over London River that Tomlinson as a youth could not know the glory that had been the sea in the days when his own father had found satisfac-

tion and prosperity in sailing his bark to the corners of the earth. Darkness, however, fell: his father came home for good, and ugly slab-sided steamers elbowed the graceful clippers from East India docks. Tomlinson early sensed the meaning of "progress," and he did not like it.

There is one particular misconception embraced by all youths whose romantic instincts are most keenly aroused by the smell of salt air and the sight of a brig standing out to sea. That misconception is: commerce is for adventure, not for money-making. Boys who stand gazing (as Tomlinson did) into ship-outfitters' windows filled with compasses, sextants, sounding-machines, and signaling gear, and who when they are men must give their books such titles as *Gallions Reach*, *Pipe All Hands*, *Tide Marks*, *Under the Red Ensign*, *Waiting for Daylight*, and *Between the Lines*—such boys never get over the crushing discovery that grown men go down to the sea in ships not for the mere thrill of it but rather for the sake of certain rewards calculable in pounds and shillings. Tomlinson was no exception. To discover the sordid truth about the uses of the sea roads was his first and greatest disillusionment—and it occurred long before the turn of the century.

From the first, both by instinct and by circumstance, he was the enemy of mechanization and amalgamation—two words ugly in themselves and with overtones infinitely uglier to a young man of Tomlinson's disposition. "Commerce" in all its significances was anathema to him. Even in his first book, *The Sea and the Jungle*, in which his romantic gusto found its freest and most memorable expression, occur many intimations that he was aware of the crass motives behind all high adventure, even the journey of the rusty tramp "Capella" across the Atlantic and far up the Amazon. Somebody

in Park Lane or Wall Street has an idea; men die by the hundreds in the Brazilian jungle, but the railroad they were sent to build is somehow completed; freights of precious rubber move down the tracks and eventually cushion the motorcars as they purr down Park Lane or Wall Street. "The chap who had the bright idea, but never saw this place, and couldn't live here a week, or shovel dirt, or lay a track, and wouldn't know raw rubber if he saw it, he'll score again. Progress, progress! The wilderness blossoms as the rose. It's wonderful, isn't it?"

Equally wonderful, to him, was the launching of a warship at Liverpool. It had cost the price of seven cathedrals or fifteen thousand homes, "and a disciple of Jesus was blessing her huge guns, while choristers chanted praise to whatever deity may approve of that honor." He knew why the warship had to be built; he saw, as clearly as a ship's captain can read the shifting of the wind and the darkening of the sky, that commerce—the hated commerce that had sent old barks to rot at their moorings—bred imperialism; and imperialism brought international rivalries, and soon the warship would be needed. . . . And so, with the realistic eye sharpened by years in the newspaper trade, he foresaw the coming of the first World War. But he was not quite prepared for it. Hating the idea of war, the misbegotten idiot son of trade, he still did not know what war was.

His calling as journalist took him to France. There, seeing the fine British uniforms he had lately watched on parade now caked and sodden with mud, and encountering first a child's doll in a roofless French cottage and then a whole graveyard full of bodies disinterred by a bomb, his rankling hatred of industrial civilization and all its unholy works—not failing to include the politicians and the enfranchised though still ignorant masses—

was transformed into horror. No inspiration did he find in the mud of the Somme, says Tomlinson, no visions at Vimy Ridge; but only horror and an overwhelming sense of the obscenity, the irredeemable degradation of war.

In book after book, in the manner of a stricken man who can find relief from the grim phantasms that infest his mind only by constantly objectifying them on paper, Tomlinson wrote of the war as he had seen and felt it. It may be true, as some of his less patient readers urged, that he wrote so persistently about the war (it could not be kept out of even his most Conradian sea-pieces) that it became less of a horror than an unmitigated nuisance. And yet the heavy note of irony that pervaded all his writing gave it a certain undeniable power. Readers who tired of the officers' huts in France and the look of the mangled bodies of British youths could still be fascinated by Tomlinson's fierce sincerity. The passage in *Mars His Idiot* which describes the advent of a bomb in a great London printing establishment, where hundreds of neighbors, among them women heavy with child, had taken shelter from the raid, is unforgettable, however much the tenderhearted might wish to erase it from memory. "It looks like the final abomination, beneath which man cannot sink. If man can insult his Maker, there he did it. To procure abortion with a bomb!"

He saw war as the final negation of all that is jocund and fair in Christianity, in Western civilization, in life itself. Highly characteristic of him is this wryly antiphonal paragraph describing no man's land on Christmas, 1916:

It rained next morning. This was Christmas Day. We were going to the trenches. Christians awake, salute the happy morn. There was a prospect of straight road with an avenue of diminishing poplars going east, in an inky smear, to the Germans and infinity. The rain

lashed into my northerly ear, and the A.S.C. motor-car driver, who was mad, kept missing three-ton lorries and gun limbers by the width of the paint. One transport mule, who pretended to be frightened of us, but whose father was the devil and his mother an ass, plunged into a pond of Flanders mud as we passed, and raked us with solvent filth. We wiped it off our mouth. God rest you, merry gentlemen. A land so inundated that it inverted the raw and alien sky was on either hand. The mud clung to the horses and mules like dangling walnuts and bunches of earthy and glistening grapes. The men humped themselves in soddened khaki. The noise of the wheels bearing guns was like the sound of doom. The rain it rained. O come, all ye faithful!

It was this note of irony, never tender, never subtle, which gave his writing its distinction.

The ink was scarcely dry on the document of Versailles before Tomlinson was aware of the renewed fall of the barometer that heralded a greater catastrophe to come. His dour realism where international affairs were concerned informed him of the true nature and probable consequences of the things that had been done in the name of peace. The blessings of the machine age were multiplied; children starved, whole cities went on the dole, and fat shipowners, like Perriam in *Gallions Reach*, grew rich. Home from a trip to the Far East in 1923, he denounced the building of the Singapore naval base as a blunt provocation of war. Year by year through the twenties and thirties he watched the storm clouds gather, positive that the cataclysm, when it came, would be the worst yet. With it would come the end of the capitalistic system—and good riddance, Tomlinson said, although he was not happy when he thought of what might come in its place.

The present war has seen Tomlinson for the most part drifting out of control. Superficially what he has written since

the rape of Poland reads like a negation of his old principles; for he has proclaimed that this war is different. It is a necessary war—a war against barbarism and the threat of world enslavement. Forgetting his old indictments of wanton British selfishness and stupidity, he has somehow had a renewal of faith. He concentrates his gaze upon the cliffs of England and the hovering ghosts of Wat Tyler, John Ball, Sam Weller, Nelson of Trafalgar, and numerous unidentified bombed-out Cockneys from the shipping parishes; and in that mystical sight he seems to find promise of a new and brighter world to come.

Tomlinson thus has joined the ranks of the propagandists in the second World War. This is, after all, not as surprising as it might seem at first glance. He has said recently that he would not amend a single line in *Mars His Idiot*; nor is it necessary for him to do so. He still hates war to the very depths of his nature. But when the typhoon strikes, one battens down the hatches and does his best to ride out the storm.

His position, however, is anomalous; and he has been so obviously embarrassed by it that whatever influence he wielded up to the last few years must now be largely lost. His show of optimism can no more keep him on a straight course than an oar can guide a four-masted schooner. He is, to all intents and purposes, rudderless. But actually he never was very sure of where he was going. Even in his best days, his charts and steering gear never were of the best quality obtainable.

The Tomlinson of the great anti-war crusade never did steer by reason. His was not primarily a revulsion from war as an insult to the human intellect (although, of course, he recognized that war was this as well); he hated war because

it is the final indignity committed against the spirit of man by the forces man himself has unleashed. It is the most horrible manifestation of a civilization that has no place for square-riggers. Tomlinson's protest against war was, above all, the protest of an outraged dreamer who found himself in a world that was distinctly not to his liking.

The shadowy quality of his present optimism is proof enough of the essentially negative character of his thought. We have been left in no doubt as to the things that repel him—trade's transformation of Poplar from a cheerful, prosperous port to a grimy slum; the greedy agents of British imperialism as they seduced Nature's brown children with bribes of tinned meat and oil; the brass-hats of the war office happily applying in 1915 the lessons they learned in the Boer War. We have had much more difficulty in discovering his positive values. It is true that as a man with the essayist's contemplative turn of mind he has a capacity for the hearty enjoyment of life; indeed, he is able to enjoy anything in the world that is not tainted by the curse of technological civilization. But that in itself never went far toward solving the most poignant question he proposed, directly or implicitly, in book after book: How can we save ourselves?

If he had had a positive, well-developed credo with which to answer that question, Tomlinson would have won for himself a position in contemporary literature far higher than that which he now holds. He would be remembered as a crusader *for* something, rather than as an indefatigable rebel *against* something. As it is, literary historians are inclined to dismiss him as an exponent of "a somewhat tiresome middle-aged liberalism."

For, as his latest essays have shown once again, the only refuge he has ever

found from the cataclysmic implications of machine civilization has been in a cloudy, mystical faith in the potentialities of the individual man. Sometimes he reminds one more than a little of Rousseau. He would move the stunted nobodies of Bethnal Green to the jungles of the Amazon. Seeing the prodigality of Nature, they would realize the tyranny of what they had been taught to believe was civilization, and forthwith they would break their bonds; "they would begin with dignity and assurance to compass their own affairs, and in an enormous way; and they would make hardly a sound as they moved forward, and they would have uplifted and shining eyes." His heroes are all individualists, men who have refused to be stifled by society's insistence on conformity. They are humble men, most of them, but courageous and confident. A talented architect renounces his professional future for the sake of defending an ancient temple against commercial exploitation. The captain of a stricken ship proudly declines the offer of a tow by a mail steamer. A British soldier goes out under fire to hold up a wounded German and give him water, and his platoon officer reports that fact as characteristic and admirable. These are the nobodies who step in when

the well-born, the clever, the haughty, and the greedy, in their fear, pride, and wilfulness, and the perplexity of their scheming, make a general mess of the earth. Forthwith in a panic they cry, "Calamity cometh!"

Then out from their obscurity, where they dwelt because of their low worth, arise the Nobodies, because theirs is the historic job of restoring again the upset balance of affairs. They make no fuss about it. Theirs is always the hard and dirty work. They have always done it.

Unfortunately, Tomlinson, like everyone else who has found solace in the belief that men of good will can return the

earth to its pristine purity, has failed to reconcile this glowing faith with the distrust of democracy *en masse* which usually accompanies it. Neither he nor anyone else can quite explain why it is that men who separately are supposedly sweet-natured, generous, and intelligent can be transformed, by merely being brought close to one another, into "the multitude, that limitless repository of instincts and emotions that can be enlisted for service by skillful men seeking wealth and power." Tomlinson's frail ship of hope inevitably founders on this rock.

And so, as the whistling-in-the-dark tone of his essays written during the Battle of Britain reminds us, Tomlinson

contributed little more to the anti-war literature of our era than a sense of comprehensive horror. All he could do, after writing one terrible indictment after another of commercialism and militarism, was to indulge in a pleasantly nebulous and thoroughly unconvincing confession of faith in the ultimate victory of man's goodness. His writings against war were heavy with a conviction which he never squarely faced: a conviction of futility. He could offer no positive program for the redemption of modern civilization, because he could not believe in any. His disillusionment, begun in Poplar's tangle of spars and rigging, was too complete. His magnificent mission was doomed to failure.

TRANSPLANTED NAMES

COMMENTS ON SOME CHANGES OF PRONUNCIATION IN AMERICA BROUGHT ABOUT BY A MIGRATION ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

ROBERT WITHINGTON¹

"What the eye sees, the tongue speaketh," may account for many of the changes of pronunciation which American names (particularly place-names) have undergone when brought across the Atlantic; and it is interesting to note some of these, if only as a matter of record. Sometimes a change in spelling maintains an original vowel, as in *Hartford* (Connecticut), to be compared with the English *Hertford*, where the *e* before *r* has an "a" value; we find *Wooster* (Ohio) and *Glouster* (Ohio) beside *Worcester* (Massachusetts) and *Gloucester* (Massachusetts) and *Glocester* (Rhode Island),

all of which have kept the English pronunciation, if some have lost the usual English spelling. (I have found no *Gloster* in the United States.)

More often, perhaps, the maintenance of the English spelling leads to a change in pronunciation, as in *Derby* (Connecticut) and the Kentucky *Derby* ("durbi"), *Berkshire* (Massachusetts), and *Berkeley* (California) ("burkshire," "burkli"). In England, as we all know, these names are pronounced "darbi," "barkshire," and "barkli."

It has, perhaps humorously, been said that the only general rule for the pronunciation of English proper names is that they are never pronounced as spelled, and a paragraph in the *New York Times* for

¹ Professor of English at Smith College; author of several books and frequent contributor to literary periodicals.

April 19, 1936, noted that "English Place Names Even Baffle Britons":

No one, says the British Broadcasting Company in its new edition of "Broadcast English," can pronounce correctly all the place names in the United Kingdom. Not even its announcers, who are sometimes called upon to speak out such puzzlers as Ulgham, Garboidisham, Hardenhuish, Hautbois, Puncknowle, or Meols.

And how, asks the broadcasters' pamphlet on pronunciations, can any one but a native know that Kentish Trottisccliffe is "Trössly"? Or that Daventry is "Daintry," Slaithwaite, "Slowitt," Alderwasley, "Allerzlée," Hedgehop, "Hedjop," and Congresbury, "Coomsbury"?

If the announcers and tourists had their way, the spelling of these places would follow their pronunciations. But that would arouse etymologists and local antiquarians.

Not only in America, but also in England, many (especially family) names have been respelled to approach the pronunciation, and we find *Beecham*, *Weems*, *Knowles* (not *Noles*), *Clark*, *Coburn*, *Mannering*, *Barclay*, *Sargent* (to cite a few examples) beside *Beauchamp*, *Wemyss*, *Knollys*, *clerk*, *Cockburn*, *Mainwaring*, *Berkeley*, and *sergeant*.²

Litchfield (Connecticut) and *Dutchess* County (New York) have inserted a *t* not found in *Lichfield* (England) or in the noun *duchess*—where, however, it is pronounced. *Biddeford* (Maine) has added a *d* to the English form; perhaps the Maine folk thought (if they were not spelling the name phonetically or carelessly) that the first syllable of the English town would suggest "bide." *Harlem* (New York) has dropped one of the *a*'s from the

Dutch *Haarlem*, without losing the pronunciation, while *Brooklyn* (really *Brooklÿn*, or *-lijn*) has lost the pronunciation kept in *Brookline* (Massachusetts), which is completely English rather than a combination of English and Dutch. *Thames* ("thames") Street, in Newport (Rhode Island), sometimes rhymes with *James* in seventeenth-century English verse; so this may be a survival rather than a shift. Matthew Arnold rhymes the English river with *flames* and *aims*.

A correspondent sent *Time* (November 18, 1929, p. 8) a clipping from the *London Evening Standard*, which throws light (not only for Americans but perchance for some British readers) on the pronunciation of certain family names in England:

All persons who aspire to climb
The social stair, be warned in time,
And saved from treading unaware
Upon a step that isn't there.
Each proud and unfamiliar name
May prove to be a source of shame,
If in pronouncing it you make,
From lack of knowledge, a mistake.
Great Britain absolutely teems
With men and women surnamed Wemyss,
And everywhere the tyro strolls
There lurks an unsuspected Knollys.
He's certain to be greeted glumly
Who gives four syllables to Cholmondeley,
Or by his ignorance disarms
The good intentions of a Glamis.
Who'd blame a self-respecting Tyrwhitt,
Mis-called, for chiding in a spirit
Of gentle protest? And a Ruthven³
May similarly be forgiven.
'Twere justice that iny tongue should blister

² The pronunciation "sar'junt" is still kept for the noun in America—one of the few examples of the "a" sound indicated by *e* before *r* preserved by usage on this side of the ocean, though there are other survivals in rustic dialects. One branch of the Sargent family has kept the spelling *Sergeant*, and changed the pronunciation to "surjunt." The *Blount* family—at least one branch—has lost the pronunciation "blunt" and pronounces the name as it is spelled. One branch of the *Pierce* family keeps the pronunciation "purse," which is Elizabethan.

³ In a suburb of Boston (Massachusetts) there is a street named *Ruthven*, which is pronounced as spelled. *Wriothesley* ("rotsli" or "risli") and *Auchinleck* ("afleck" or "auchinlek") still cause trouble. The radio announcers, both English and American, use the second pronunciation for the British general's name; is "afleck" obsolete? *Berkeley* ("barkli") has changed its vowel in America but not its syllabification. How many of our Shakespearean scholars pronounce *Theobald*'s name "tybalt"?

If, having met a Mr. Bicester,
 I hailed him wrongly; it would grieve a
 Descendent of the clan of Belvoir
 To be erroneously addressed:
 A shock awaits the fool who wavers
 Before he says, "Good morning, Claverhouse."
 A burden of regret and woe
 Descends on those who Do Not Know,
 So I've endeavoured, in their cause,
 To formulate some rhyming laws,
 Whereby the novice can with ease
 Preserve the starch amenities.

We may observe in passing that Americans are generally more likely than Englishmen to give a pronunciation approximating the French when they refer to towns in France—with the exception of *Paris*, which it would seem affectation to refer to as "parée," and perhaps a few others; we do not always accept the English spelling *Rheims*, or the pronunciation "reems," nor do we often give *Amiens* the sound of the Shakespearean character ("am-i-enz"). On the other hand, we usually give *Lyons* and *Marseilles* the Anglicized value. "Wipers" for *Ypres* was humorous coinage of soldiers in the first World War and has never been accepted as anything else—as *Halfaya* Pass, in Africa, was translated "hell-fire" in the present struggle. Unconsciously, perhaps, many English and American tourists took the "road to ruin" when they headed for *Rouen* (before the war) and accused *Calais* of being "careless."⁴ The Maine town must be pronounced "ka'less," and if the American river has lost an eighteenth-century pronunciation "niaga'ra," which is perhaps more eu-

⁴ Browning, in *De Gustibus*, rhymes *Calais* with *malice* ("When fortune's malice Lost her Calais"), and Goldsmith shows the pronunciation "niaga'ra" in *The Traveller*:

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound"
 (411-12).

We may note that in the same poem (ll. 243-44) Goldsmith rhymes *choir: Loire*, which may not be an exact rhyme.

phonious than the present, we do not say "niffles" which (according to the story) an American persuaded his English friend was the accepted pronunciation of "Niagara Falls."

In the English spelling "Rhine," the German pronunciation is kept, as in the Dutch form *Rijn*, which is pronounced like *Rhein*. The name *Chartres* (of a man, not of the French town) rhymes with *garters* in verses by Dean Swift; and the Montana town *Havre* ("haver") has no suggestion of the French *Le Havre*.

With the same spelling as the Egyptian *Cairo*, the Illinois city is pronounced "kāro"—possibly with an echo of the French *le Caire*. We call the city on the Nile "kiro" with no difficulty. The accent of *Alexandria* ("alexan'dria") in Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, and Virginia is also given to the Mediterranean city, though the stress would more nearly approach the value of "iskanderi'ya" if it were accented "alexandri'a"; and this pronunciation might be generally accepted to distinguish the Egyptian city from the American. The correct stress on "Caribbe'an" and "Himal'aya" may be recommended to American radio announcers.

Most of the French names in America have, like *Calais*, lost their French flavor, and it would be affectation to attempt to restore them to a Gallic sound. But they are not all thoroughly Americanized. Thus, in *Des Moines*, the final *s*'s are silent; in *St. Louis*, the *s* sometimes is.⁵ In *Louisberg* the *s* is usually sounded, while in *Louisville* it is not. *Vincennes* (Indi-

⁵ A limerick of at least forty years' standing runs as follows:

"There was a young man of St. Louis,
 Who married a beautiful Jewess;
 The stories she told
 Were so very old,
 That he called her his Chauncey Depewess."

ana) keeps the final *s*, which is not usually pronounced in *Illinois*, though the latter word has not kept a strictly French final syllable. The accent of *Vermont* approaches the French, though the value of the vowels is lost, and the *t* is sounded. *Montpelier* has lost the pronunciation and the spelling of the French city; *Detroit*, like *detour*, has lost the French *dé-* (the initial "dee" is like the final "ee" in such words as *employee*, for *employé*); in *Boisé* the first syllable is stressed so that it rhymes with a name like *Voysey*. For obvious reasons, which include our typographical poverty, accents fall into disuse, and *Santa Fé* is often written without the accent, though "fé" is heard as often as "fee." *Quebec* and *Montreal* have been Anglicized by the English and Americans but not by the French of Canada; and *Baton Rouge* still keeps a hint of the French. *Orleans*, on Cape Cod, is universally called "orleans," as *New Orleans* (Louisiana) is sometimes pronounced; it is never *Orléans*, à la française, but is frequently trisyllabic. *Mount Desert* (Maine) is clearly of French origin. It is pronounced "desert" though it has nothing to do with *dessert*. There are those who would call it "de'sert," though it is not a desert, and we may assume that the common accent is an attempt to approximate the French stress. One may doubt that the name is derived from *des airs*.

Cape Cod has Americanized many of its names of English origin and speak unashamedly of "chat-ham," "ware-ham," and "har-witch."⁶ In *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* (1858), Holmes writes:

.... a town of such supreme, audacious, Alpine loveliness as Norwich!—Only the dear

⁶ In England, *Waltham* is pronounced "wal'tem," while in Massachusetts the pronunciation is "waltham"—it is not, it may be remarked, "walt-ham," and the Cape "chat-ham" has never developed a "th" sound.

people there must learn to call it Norridge, and not be misled by the mere accident of spelling.

Norwich.
Porchmouth.
Cincinnatiak.

What a sad picture of our civilization! [Part XII].

We still hear "missoura" (or "mizzoura") and "nashu-way" and "josu-way" (*Missouri*, *Nashua*, and *Joshua*)—not only in New England.⁷

The Russian form, "Sevasto'pol," is heard with increasing frequency over the radio, but the California town remains "Sebas'topol." We do not often distinguish between *burg* (bury) and *berg*, though the two are quite distinct in German, and keep the original meanings of "city" and "mountain," respectively. The first is found in *burgher*, *burgess*, and *bourgeois*, and we have many names in *-burgh* (sometimes pronounced "boro") alternating with *borough*; but *Pittsburgh* has no dissyllabic ending (unlike *Edinburgh* and *Dryburgh*; but occasionally, lately, I have heard "edinburg" over the radio.) In the form *Pittsburg*, the name is found in Oklahoma, California, Kansas, Texas, and Tennessee.

Careful speakers differentiate between *Charleston* (South Carolina, West Virginia, Illinois, and Mississippi) and *Charlestown* (Massachusetts), but the two are sometimes pronounced alike, or nearly so. In California, the Spanish pronunciation is frequently kept—*La Jolla*, for instance, is always pronounced "la

⁷ In a volume published about 1840, entitled *A Winter in the West* (my colleague, Professor Sidney N. Deane tells me), the name *Iowa* is spelled *Iowé*, which suggests that the common pronunciation "ioway" is not a provincial distortion, but a survival of a French transliteration of an Indian pronunciation—not akin to the dialect endings for *Joshua* and *Nashua*, noted above.

hoya";⁸ Americans are still uncertain whether to say "los anjeles" or "los angeles." The same uncertainty exists about *Elgin* ("eljin" in Illinois; usually "elgin" in England); and *Folger*. We have *gin* and *engine*—and *begin*. *Fagin* has the hard *g*.

Our modern speech is much influenced by journalist and radio announcer, and one may question what part each should play in establishing "good usage." I have heard announcers speak of *Boulogne* as if it were *Bologna*; and *Belfast* (Ireland) as if it were *Bel'fast* (Maine); and *Abbeville* as if it had an accent ("abbéville"); while others have had the courage to admit themselves stumped by Russian and Asiatic names. The newspaperman does not, it is true, have any influence on pronunciation, but he may on style; and it is discouraging to a teacher to find the rules flouted by both kinds of publicists. In the names we have been discussing, the divergencies are rather on the side of pronunciation than of spelling, and most of them arose before the days of announcers. We accept the divergencies but must remember that the American pronunciation does not apply to the English and French places. We may wonder that while Cape Cod says "chat-ham" it con-

tinues to say "yar'müth"—and that neither England nor America says "sanditch" for *Sandwich*.

While *Beaulieu* is pronounced "bewli" in England and in Georgia, *Beaufort* has two pronunciations in North and South Carolina—"bewfort" and "bofort"—neither of them French. The English may, perhaps, be pardoned if they consider the changes of proper names which they find in America as distortions, if not as errors (forgetting "beecham" from *Beauchamp*). Some Englishmen define *accent* as "deviation from the normal"—the normal, by implication, being determined in England. We, on our side, may be pardoned for resenting an implication that our pronunciation is wrong where it differs from the English. When it is important to develop the understanding upon which good feeling must rest—particularly important at this stage of the world's history—attention must be given even to such details as these (in themselves not vital to the war effort). It is as great a sign of ignorance for an Englishman to speak of "barkli" California, as for an American to call the English county "burkshire"—or just as affected. International misunderstandings and frictions are often based on small matters, and both sides must be willing to meet the other half way. In subjects other than the pronunciation of proper names, we must recognize that usage differs on the two shores of the Atlantic, and make due allowances.

⁸ The story goes that one easterner was so chagrined at being corrected in her pronunciation—being told that all *j*'s were *k*'s in California—that she replied to a questioner about her trip, that "she had come out in Hanuary and planned to return in Hoon or Huly'."

THE ENGLISH COURSE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN BASIC CURRICULUM

RICHARD C. BOYS¹

The war has been responsible for many curricular tragedies in the academic world. When war settled over the campuses like a pall, we soon found out that, to say the least, something was wrong with our educational system, which did not seem to fit the needs of a nation at war. The decline in the number of civilian students, the increased demand for "practical" training from those who are left, and the influx of large groups of soldiers, sailors, and marines have all combined to remove from the college catalogues courses in Chaucer, the Jacobean drama, and the metrics of Chiddiok Tichbourne. Some educators have been gravely concerned about this trend away from the humanities—and rightly so. But the horizon is not entirely black. For out of the confusion of colleges in wartime have come many changes—most of them born of necessity, it is true—which may well prove highly beneficial in the future of American collegiate education. A lesser adjustment was made ten years ago, during the depression, but apparently it was not enough. For the last year or two colleges have been desperately looking for a solution to their new problem; in part, it must be admitted, this search is inspired by a desire to survive (at any cost, as certain colleges have shown); but also in part the move has been given impetus by a small group of men who believe that we can survive and at the same time

give education a shot in the arm which will have a lasting and strengthening effect.

One of the most encouraging war courses which has been set up at the University of Michigan is the Basic Curriculum, in the Division of Emergency Training, a pre-induction course designed primarily for sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys who have completed at least three and a half years of high school with a better-than-average record. Its purpose is to give these youths as much education as possible before they are drafted. The first group, of twenty-eight, was started in February of this year and has just completed its course. The new group began work early in July. Since one of the aims is to teach the students to be good citizens in a democracy, arrangements have been made so that they may all live together in one house. Officers are elected and a self-governing system set up to assist the proctor in making rules of conduct and keeping order. This is even carried over to the classroom, where the president of the group considers himself in charge if the instructor is detained. At such times he either opens discussion about the essay of the day or sees to it that the time is used profitably in study. Further emphasis is given to the unity of the Basic Curriculum by inviting in professors from various departments of the university who are authorities in some field (Benjamin Franklin, geopolitics, fascism, etc.) embraced by the Curriculum. Usually the guest be-

¹ Department of English Language and Literature, University of Michigan.

gins with a thirty-minute talk, after which the meeting is thrown open for questions and discussion.

The Curriculum is made up of four subjects: mathematics, physics, American institutions and history, and English; the classes meet five days a week, and the students are busy from 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. every day. The day begins with physics, which is followed by an hour of supervised study in the same field. At ten o'clock the students have mathematics, then another hour of supervised study. In the afternoon the time is divided between American institutions and history and English, with a shared supervised study hour. The Curriculum runs for six months and covers the equivalent of one academic year's work. The courses as set forth above are, as the name suggests, "basic," for they serve the practical purpose of giving the Army and Navy what they want—both have put their stamp of approval on this course—and at the same time they give the student a solid foundation in work which will stand him in good stead when he returns to college after the war. It would be useful, of course, to include such worthy subjects as chemistry and a foreign language, but it was felt that it would be much better to concentrate on a few subjects and do them well—a point of view which is sadly needed in our normal college freshman course.

The Basic Curriculum is not made up of the usual elementary courses simply given new names, but rather is a new kind of course. For one thing, correlation is emphasized, particularly between mathematics and physics, and English and history. It is true that not a great deal can be done to integrate physics and, say, English, but even there some attempt has been made to do just that. All the physics laboratory papers, for in-

stance, are looked over by the English instructor; he may not read every one with care, but now and then he does, correcting them as if they were English themes. The important thing here is that the students know their laboratory papers are to be read by the instructor in English and that at any time he may count one of them as a theme and grade it as such. In this way the student is made more aware of the fact that composition is not something to be forgotten as soon as he leaves his English class. Once in a while the subject matter of the course permits other points of contact between English and physics, as in the case of Benjamin Franklin. One of the most successful pieces of reading in the English course has proved to be Franklin's *Autobiography* (condensed), in which a few pages are devoted to his experiments in electricity. It is a simple matter for the physics instructor, in talking about electricity, to spend some time on Franklin's work in that field.

While there are slender threads binding English to physics and mathematics, the most effective correlation, as might be expected, can be made between English and American history. The course in American institutions and history is divided into the following parts: Unit I, general political geography, with emphasis on current war problems (one month); Unit II, American history (fifteen weeks); Unit III, government (five weeks). At all times the English instructor works closely with the history instructor; they visit each other's classes frequently and plan some assignments together. At least once during the first group's stay, when the history teacher was out of town, the English instructor taught the class in history, while the English class was taken over by the history instructor on several occasions. This serves two purposes—to

help acquaint each instructor with the materials his colleague is using and to impress on the students the fact that both courses are really part of one large, unified subject.

There are any number of ways to correlate two or more courses in different fields; it doesn't matter much which method is employed as long as the unity of the material is stressed. One war course at the University of Michigan, taught to pre-meteorology Army students, makes use of what one might call "tight correlation." That is, the English work is planned carefully, sometimes day by day, to fit certain other subjects, such as geography and physics. The Basic Curriculum, however, is based on a "loose correlation," one which allows greater flexibility. By the very nature of the material the history course is more rigid than is the English, and for that reason it is used as the core of the integrated program. In Unit I little attempt is made to run the courses parallel to each other, although joint paper assignments are given. For example, the class wrote on the following subject: "The Effect of Geography on Our Relations with South America—Culturally, Politically, and Economically." This paper was read by the English teacher and graded and then was read by the instructor in history. As one student remarked: "You've got us coming and going. We haven't a chance." Most of Unit I in English is spent in introducing the student to good habits of reading, thinking, and writing. A week is devoted to the use of the dictionary, to a study of English as a language, differences between British and American speech, and sectional linguistic peculiarities in the United States. In other words, an attempt is made to show the richness of the language, its potentialities and uses, and to acquaint the students with

it as a living language a little more thoroughly than most high schools do. Incidentally, one day is taken up discussing the effect of geography on language—a relationship stressed further by the history instructor.

In the first part of Unit I the class works out (with a little guidance) an outline to serve as a guide to careful reading. We practice on this with a few pieces of writing and also do a good deal of work in summarizing and outlining. Throughout the whole twenty-four weeks the students are expected to keep notebooks with summaries of everything they read. Outlines are also called for occasionally, both of essays they read and of themes they write. Oral reports are given frequently. At some point during the first week of the course assistance is given in using the library and in forming proper study habits, in note-taking, etc. Several weeks in Unit I are also spent on the subject of "Thinking." Such essays as Dewey's "What Is Thought?" and Thouless' "Emotional Meanings," all freshman anthology pieces, are analyzed and studied from all angles. And, since future military training demands it, considerable time is spent on "Scientific Thought," work which also helps prepare the student for the scientific world in which we live. J. A. Thomson's *Introduction to Science* was read by the first group over a period of several weeks; the work was directed by the history instructor, who took special pains to tie it in with the work the class was doing along similar lines in English. The physics teacher made some use of this material as well.

The body of the English and history courses falls into Unit II, the fifteen weeks devoted to American history. In English the materials are drawn largely from American literature and history, al-

though no attempt is made to make this a course in American literature as such; that is, the pieces are selected primarily for their utility and are of two kinds: (1) those directly related to the work in history, such as the Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, and Webster's seventh of March speech on the preservation of the Union, to name but a few, and (2) those of a more literary nature which help to make more meaningful the period of history being studied. The latter writings are arranged chronologically by subject matter, not by author, so that, for example, Hawthorne's "Maypole of Merrymount" comes in under seventeenth-century Puritanism and not the nineteenth century.

Since it is impossible to cover the whole field thoroughly, three periods of emphasis have been set up in the English class: the Revolution, the Civil War, and the twentieth century. These areas, defined loosely, serve as focal points for study. It does not make much difference whether the history or English instructor gets to a subject first—the main thing is to establish a unity of subject matter.

We begin the Revolutionary period by reading a condensed version of Franklin's *Autobiography*. Fortunately for purposes of transition this leads into a discussion of Franklin's views on education and thinking. There he says that one of the great forces in his own education was the Socratic dialogue—a term which means little to freshmen. It is, however, a simple matter to bring into class a dialogue from Xenophon's *Memorabilia* (iii. vi, on governing the state) and to examine it carefully. This piece—an excellent link with the first few weeks' work on thinking—poses several problems of meaning and method. In one exercise the students put the material of the dia-

logue into essay form. One of Franklin's own dialogues ("Dialogue between Philocles and Horatio . . . concerning Virtue and Pleasure") is next used in much the same manner. Franklin, in general, goes extremely well in class, especially the sections in the *Autobiography* dealing with his Moral Precepts, which arouse heated discussion. Other essays used from this period are Patrick Henry's liberty-or-death speech, a few pages from Tom Paine, Joel Barlow's "Science of Liberty in the United States," and Washington's "Farewell Address." But the finest group of writings in this section is taken from Jefferson ("Plea for Unity and Toleration," "On Religious Toleration," "An Aristocracy of Intelligence," "On Popular Education," and the Declaration). Jefferson, for the most part, appeals to the students, although they find him exasperating at times too. For instance, his ideas on creating an "aristocracy of intelligence" rankle—to the freshman mind they smack of fascism and un-Americanism. At that point the instructor brings in J. B. Conant's essay on the same subject, admittedly derived from Jefferson, in which Conant says that Jefferson's idea is so democratic as to be revolutionary. And the matter is brought home to the class when they suddenly realize that the Army and Navy, in setting up their educational programs (in which several of the students are enrolled) are actually creating an aristocracy much like the one suggested by Jefferson. At the end of our work in the Revolutionary period the students have a grasp of the subject which furnishes an excellent background to their history; the history instructor has repeatedly expressed his gratitude for this.

The Civil War period goes off equally well. We start off with Emerson's *American Scholar*, to act as a bridge from Jef-

erson's ideas on education; it is too difficult for the freshmen but gives them some experience in cracking a hard intellectual nut. The core of the work in this area, however, is Thoreau, whose selected works the class buys in the "Modern Library" edition. Some of *Walden*, particularly the purely descriptive parts, is assigned as outside reading, but most of it goes extremely well in class. "Economy," "Where I Lived and What I Lived For," and the "Conclusion" are full of good writing and discussable ideas. In reading such superb prose as Thoreau writes at his best, the students in the Basic Curriculum get a taste of fine writing, as well as an introduction to thought-provoking ideas. Thoreau is a success in class, partly because the students disagree so violently with him. In *Walden*, *Civil Disobedience*, and *Life without Principle*, he sets down a theory of life which makes the freshmen see red—and which results in some good themes.

The last part of the Civil war period is taken up with scattered but pertinent pieces of writing on slavery and union. Slavery, already touched on in Thoreau's other writings, is tackled more directly in his "Plea for Captain John Brown" and "Slavery in Massachusetts," the latter having some of the bitterest writing this side of Swift's "Modest Proposal." Several accounts of Lincoln and Lee are read, and chapters of Dixon Wecter's *The Hero in America* are assigned (throughout the whole course). Daniel Webster's seventh of March speech is followed by Whittier's "Ichabod" and Benét's *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. And because the history book stresses the importance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the class reads and discusses it for several days in class. Wordsworth's "To Toussaint L'Ouverture" laments the fall of a champion of freedom. For the first

group the instructor also brought in a few of the *Biglow Papers* but found them unsatisfactory, as they were too topical and presented dialect difficulties. A little Whitman was also tried but, except for some of the shorter poems which lent themselves to careful and intensive reading, was not very successful. As outside reading the class read Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, and one day was spent on Bierce's "The Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." Even though this material is somewhat miscellaneous, from it the class gets a better view of the Civil War than they would solely from the pages of a one-volume American history book.

Since the Basic Curriculum is, after all, a war course, it is felt that some time should be spent on the duties of the citizen in wartime. A study of propaganda comes first; this is based on the earlier work on thinking, particularly on Thouless' "Emotional Meanings." For some time freshman anthologies have dealt with propaganda, but almost without exception as something bad. The usual trick has been to follow the rules laid down by the Institute of Propaganda Analysis and to come out with fifty-seven varieties of propaganda, a game of academic "I spy." That has all been changed now that we ourselves are using propaganda as a weapon of democracy. So the subject must be approached from a different angle, to show its constructive as well as its destructive qualities. After all, propaganda is but the means to an end, which may be either worthy or unworthy. Here we make use, in addition to some of the stock Institute essays, of a University of Chicago Round Table Discussion, the O.W.I. pamphlet *Divide and Conquer* (which attempts to classify types of Axis propaganda), and a chapter from *Mein Kampf*. In this

manner we see propaganda at work, on both sides of the martial fence.

Another problem facing the citizen at war is sectionalism, which has been brought to our attention all too graphically by the recent Detroit race riots. We examine this matter not only by studying regional differences in the United States but also by analyzing racial conflicts and by becoming acquainted with the view of America held by foreigners, as presented, for instance, in Adamic's essays. While on the subject of the American scene we read Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*, which never fails to stir up arguments in class—in most cases it strikes uncomfortably close to home. And it has the added advantage of tying in nicely with Thoreau, who in several places attacks the culture of Concord and New England. The final phase of the English work in the Basic Curriculum is devoted to a series of essays called "What Can Business Do To Win the War?" "What Can the Farmer Do To Win the War?" "What Can the Colleges Do To Win the War?" "What Can the Movies and Radio Do To Win the War?" etc. The course ends, then, with the students faced squarely by the problems which will confront them in the outside world. They are asked, for instance, "How would you, as an official, have handled the race riots?" and "How would you, as a private citizen, have acted had you been caught in the riots?" We feel that these youths are now ready to turn over to the Army or Navy as officer material.

Throughout, class discussions result in mental stimulation and, finally, themes. Although the pace is slower at first, the normal amount of writing is about one thousand words a week, exclusive of outlines, summaries, etc. A few theme topics will serve as examples: "A Discussion of Franklin's Moral Precepts"; "Apply

the Principles of the 'Declaration' to Our Present-Day Democracy: How Far Have We Succeeded in Fulfilling Its Ideals?" "How Can We Extend Those Ideals To One Particular Minority Group?" "States Rights—an Answer to Tom Paine"; "War Restrictions and Individual Rights"; "Isolationism in Washington's 'Farewell Address'"; "Were Jefferson's Ideas on Education Democratic?" "Was Thoreau Democratic?" "*Uncle Tom's Cabin* as Propaganda"; "Drawing Your Evidence from Everything We Have Read This Year, Define American Democracy as You See It" (2,000 words); a 2,000-word library paper on such subjects as "The Conflict between Jefferson and Hamilton; Which Do You Think Was Right?" These papers are gone over by the instructor and handed back to the student, who makes corrections. Once every two weeks there are individual conferences, at which time the papers are discussed and any necessary special help given.

We believe that in the Basic Curriculum we are doing an honest job of preparing a young man for life in a democracy, a training which will be equally good in wartime or in peace. "Indoctrination" is a word in disrepute in some circles, but that is what we are doing, in the good sense. The students in the Curriculum have gained a healthy respect for American democracy by tracing its growth, both in the history and in the English classes, and by seeing it in action. But we certainly have not gilded it; the rough has been presented with the smooth, and no punches have been pulled. We have pointed out the mistakes of democracy as well as its triumphs, and we believe that it has emerged all the stronger for such treatment in the eyes of the students. That is our immediate goal, to present the case

for democracy sympathetically but critically. Educationally we have also shown that an integrated course is far superior to two completely separate courses, given in different departments from unrelated and even conflicting points of view. That the work in English and history is a worth-while experiment is seen already in the fact that when Army and Navy

courses were set up recently at the University of Michigan the English and history departments made full use of the experience gained in the Basic Curriculum and ended up with a course similar to it. It is also hoped that this kind of course will continue after the war, for it is one step in the direction of a sounder education for the college student.

MORE ENGLISH FOR ENGINEERS?

RALPH M. WARDLE¹

Administrators in large universities are urging that we English teachers "do something" about our engineering students. They are right; we have neglected our engineers too long, and it is high time that we did something about them. Indeed, as the world is going, the engineers may soon be able to do something about us. But we need hardly fear that, given the chance, they would oust us entirely from the curriculum. Not at all; for in the past few years they have done their best to stir us from our lethargy. They have evidently had enough of a taste of purely technological civilization to know that it is like ashes on the tongue; they realize that they must be guides as well as technicians, and they are beginning to feel that they will be better engineers if they are better-read men.

This is not merely an English teacher's wishful thinking; it is, in part, the conclusion reached by the Committee on Aims and Scope of Engineering Education of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, and frequently echoed in the several articles issued by

the Committee on English of the same organization.² The conclusion was originally expressed by graduate engineers who, realizing that they have been overtrained and undereducated, demand that we do something. Engineers are, after all, people, they say in effect; why treat them as automatons? Why load them down in their senior year with courses so highly specialized that not one in a dozen will ever use them? Why not plan their programs so that, throughout their course, they may have a chance to study nontechnical subjects? Certainly part of their four years in college should be devoted to broadening their minds and making them better able to understand themselves and their fellows.

Now these are engineers talking—and virtually begging us English teachers in the universities to do something. And if we reply that we have done much, that most universities today demand that engineering students have a full year of English composition, and many require an additional semester of literature—if we try to quiet our consciences with such

¹ Department of English, Cornell University; with Edward A. Tenney, co-author of *A Primer for Readers* (Crofts, 1942).

² See *Journal of Engineering Education*, XXX (March, 1940), 555-66, and Supplement (June, 1940).

talk—the engineers can silence us by pointing out that strictly technical schools have made much more radical changes. At such schools as California Institute of Technology, Cooper Union, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, students are required to take one course each semester in the field of the humanities. This is, of course, as it should be; for under this plan the engineer has the leavening influence of liberal studies throughout his college course. Such “integration” is obviously superior to the “general college” plan, which attempts to finish off the whole man in a year or two of liberal studies and then overwhelms him with a program of unrelieved technical subjects.

The success of liberal courses in technical schools suggests that we in the universities might well try to re-create for ourselves the conditions which have proved so satisfactory for them. Should we begin by flouting experience and segregating our engineers? It is a moot question. Although such segregation enables the English teacher to work directly with the dean and faculty of the engineering school and to achieve their purposes and his own most satisfactorily, it is likely to isolate the English teacher from his colleagues in the arts college and to develop in him a sense of inferiority. Perhaps the solution to the dilemma lies in compromise; let the engineer be taught by instructors especially qualified for the work but not completely divorced from the arts college; the more advanced their courses in the arts college, the better for their self-respect. If they are deserving of their own respect and others', they will naturally keep abreast of modern scholarship and will be quite able to teach advanced courses.

But how is a man to be “especially qualified” to teach engineers? Certainly

he need not be a “spoiled engineer” or an amateur tinkerer; he need not be able to understand a word of the technical language of engineers. But he should respect engineers and engineering and should not flaunt his ignorance of purely practical matters. Above all, he should be long on patience. Despite the graduate engineers' lament that they have had too little English, undergraduate engineers are likely to shy away from a course which to them seems impractical. Then the instructor will need a measure of diplomacy—and perhaps another measure of the missionary spirit; for, in order to win the confidence and interest of his students, he may have occasionally to sacrifice his cherished professional ideals. And he may soon learn that a course which begins with *Arrowsmith*, whatever its goal, will have a better chance of succeeding with engineering students than one which plunges directly into “Adonais.”

Since engineers are and want to remain people, the subject matter of their English courses need not differ substantially from that offered to other students. The nature of the course must depend largely on the interests and talents of the instructor. If he teaches what he can teach well, and if he can hold his listeners' interest and command their respect—whether they are engineers or not—he can succeed. His technique may, however, differ from that which he would use in a class of students concentrating in English. He will probably be wise to confine himself, as far as possible, to the concrete; for the engineering student usually dislikes abstraction, and many of his scientific courses are distressingly abstract. The instructor will, then, be wise to avoid overemphasizing the critical approach to literature; let him rather stress the historical and social background,

which may make literature understandable to the engineer. The usual survey or period course in literature may also prove ill-advised, since the student may easily be laden down with a fund of factual information which has no significance for him. His interest is much more likely to be sparked by broader "humanities" or "degrees of civilization" courses which attempt to discover the underlying pattern of a given period or race. Such a course, because it appeals to the eye and ear as well as the mind, may often excite a stolid engineer who believes himself impervious to the arts. He may be startled to discover that the cultures of the past may serve as patterns (or "blueprints") for the structure of the future. Contemporary literature, as I have suggested, can always be used to stimulate interest, but it should not be overdone; we should not try to beat the Book-of-the-Month Club at its own game. Nor should we allow our desire for concreteness to beguile us into offering only courses in purely informative reading, so-called "engineering literature." At any rate, we would not offer them for long; engineers commonly avoid such courses and would probably boycott them in short order. They would indeed defeat the very purpose which we are setting ourselves, for they demand that we English teachers remake ourselves in the image of the engineers; and no one—least of all the engineers—wants that.

The same idea applies to composition courses. We of the English department should not be required to teach courses in technical report-writing; the engineering instructors, who are familiar with the subject, can do the job much better than we can, and it should be left to them. Our task is to teach the principles of

clear, straightforward exposition; we should instil in our students respect for and mastery of a well-rounded general vocabulary rather than a technical one. We should strive always to release their imagination and to use it to enliven their writing—just as it may enliven all their work in English or elsewhere. Indeed, members of the General Motors Research Staff have complained that most graduate engineers write reports too factually, with too little vigor and play of the imagination. Finally, we should not try to teach composition in a vacuum: students should read reputable works as models and subject matter for their own writing; and they should, especially in the freshman course, be given considerable drill in understanding what they read.

There is, indeed, much that we can do about the engineers. Let us do something and do it quickly. All the engineers' enthusiasm for a liberalized curriculum came before the passage of the Lend-Lease Bill, before the creation of the National Emergency, before December 7, 1941; and since then their interest has been diverted to the now-fashionable "accelerated program." Let us act now and offer them what they have asked for and what we must feel is at present even more vital than before. And since we are likely to be teaching a larger and larger percentage of engineers or similar vocational students, we may incidentally be doing ourselves the favor of assuring our chances of survival in the post-war world. But more important: we shall be assuring the survival of all that we represent. For no matter how great the political and economic upheaval, if engineers and miners and agriculturists and businessmen are, first of all, humane men, the new world will have the seeds of greatness.

ON CERTAIN REGRETTABLE TENDENCIES

JOHN C. McCLOSKEY¹

In the teaching of literature there is a regrettable tendency for the emotionally inclined to so hypersensitize their emotions as to put them out of touch with the normal reactions of normal humanity and thus make themselves eccentric, "artistic," or occasionally effeminate. For these romantic sentimentalists emotion is the sum and substance of literary worth, and to weep good honest tears is the mark of a beautiful soul. They brush aside the ideas, the generalizations, and the hard core of thought which make much literature great. Hence their contempt for the history of literature and their fetish-love of words.

They worship the suggestive word and the happily turned phrase in and for themselves, because the word and the phrase may be subjected to a series of minute analytical contemplations in which the play of fancy and the exercise of the connotative faculty are limited only by the imagination and mental agility—in short, by a sort of formalized dream reverie—of the highly sensitized soul. These persons would have the reader, even the hurried undergraduate reader, indulge in a whole succession of breadthwise and depthwise expansions of the meanings of single words and phrases so that the work of art is re-written ephemerally in their own imaginations. For them the word and the phrase are fluctuating, unstable worlds of communication in themselves.

Personally, I can think of nothing drearier, nor anything which in the long

run so sadly sacrifices the whole for the part, than close word-by-word examination of individual pieces. Many works of literature worth reading only once are too lovingly lingered over by those who suspect that there is more gold in them than meets the eye. There is so much to read and so short a time in which to do it that it is futile to waste precious hours in wringing the last drop of meaning from every piece of literature one encounters. A conscientious interpreter of this school could devote a year or even a number of years to the reading of *Hamlet* alone, extracting from it the juice, even the very dregs, of its meaning. But the loss of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and the rest would be regrettable. It would, to be mathematical, take years to read the works of Shakespeare alone. The world of literature is so vast that each work of art, no matter how great, deserves only its proper proportion of time. Illustrious as one author may be, there are others worthy of attention.

It is a fallacious assumption that a piece of literature is an intellectual conundrum, a mental puzzle, an occasion for minute and tortuous dissection. To study literature so may be a stimulating exercise in mental agility, but to read it so is to subject it to conditions for which it was never intended. It is to treat a poem, or a play, or a novel like a cadaver in an anatomical laboratory. It is to assume that the single line, the phrase, the word, are the important units of communication. The hyperanalyses which would wring from each small unit of com-

¹ Department of English, University of Oregon.

munication its last protesting drop of meaning are often mere impedimenta in the way of clear communication. Such methods are the product of excessively analytical, supersensitive minds more interested in the method or in their own reactions than in the content. The proponents of such methods assume, quite often, that the author has a great deal more to say than he actually has or that what he says is more important than it seems to be. They harry plain meanings into twisted subtleties; they endow the writer with the interpreter's own mental qualities and hence transfer to him what the interpreter would have meant had he written the piece.

And so I cannot hold with the mild hysteria of recent years about the necessity of such an unnatural thing as word-by-word analysis of a work of art in which the individual line and the single word are but fragments of the essential whole. One can multiply questions and analyses until they bury the literature beneath the analytical apparatus and reduce the poem, the play, or the novel to a mere specimen for the practice of mental agility. Even though I will have none of it, I have no real quarrel with this method of reading as long as its proponents keep it for themselves. But I do object when they assume that theirs is the best and only way to teach literature, or when, assuming that they are right and therefore everyone who differs must be wrong, they try to establish their peculiar method as the norm. For it should be recognized that literature does not mean the same thing to all people, that minds differ in constitution and interests, and that what may be of supreme importance to one type of mind may be a matter of indifference to another. In literature there are as many critics as there are readers, and to set one's self up as a dic-

tator of method or of interpretation is egotistic folly.

Closely allied to those who make a fetish of the word are those who believe that the function of the study of literature is the creation of an enthusiasm for literature. These purveyors of enthusiasm fail, however, to clarify the end to which that enthusiasm is to be directed and so arrive at no destination except the enjoyment of emotion for its own sake and the futile doctrine of art for art's sake. They love poetry in the same way that certain persons love bright and priceless gems; and they, too, worship words and phrases for their brilliant polish and their intrinsic worth. Certainly literature has a greater function than to arouse enthusiasm for the fact that it is what it is. Certainly it has more significance than its power to evoke an indefinite series of aimless, vague, and even mystical enthusiasms. Certainly literature appeals to the mind as well as to the emotions, to the imagination as well as to enthusiasm, and certainly the artistic whole is of far more importance than its brilliant segments.

Neither the enthusiasm-mongers nor the word-worshippers have much use for the history of literature. They find it dull because it deals with ideas and uninspiring because it deals with facts. It calls their attention away from emotional appreciation and directs it toward the course of human thought through the ages and the significance of ideas. It demands that, at least occasionally, they restrain their emotions and exercise their minds. It forces them to admit that literature has connection not only with art but with life as well. It denies the assumption that the study of literature is a mere exercise in the development of reading skill and that the reading skill itself is properly a process of the spinning-out

of subtleties of definition and the splitting of hairs about what this line or that word may or may not mean.

For literature, having connection with life, is revelatory of man's essential humanity. It reveals, often grandly and usually clearly, man's thoughts and feelings through the ages in regard to elemental human experiences like life and death, love and God, man and woman, war and peace, nature and artifice; and it interprets them so that they have meaning for their own times and for ours. The history of literature is not only the document of humanity's past, but it is a revelation of the genesis and development of ideas and a critical record of human achievement and human folly, of magnanimity and meanness, of truth and error. An intensive study of a few arbitrarily selected and often unrelated pieces is no substitute for a coherent understanding of the integrated whole. Isolated specimens of literature may have beauties in themselves, but the whole has a beauty of its own, too.

Those who believe that the nature of literature is more universal than the development of mere reading skill or the fetish-worship of the polished word and phrase know that literature has something to say to the mind as well as to the imagination and the emotions, that it often deals with ideas which grow out of environment or are handed down from heredity, and that this saying something is worthy of study not only in itself but also as related to its intellectual, social, and literary background. They find it inadvisable, indeed, impossible, to neglect the study of the history of literature, and it is their students who know as well as feel. Although they may not be activated by an intense, emotional, ineffable love of literary pieces and of structural parts,

they do see and understand in literature the race's permanent possession of the best and most significant that has been thought and felt in the world and in man's aspirations after beauty. They look upon literature not only as a record of the human mind but also as a critical, and therefore valuable, record.

Those who deny the importance of the history of literature are regrettably anxious to turn over the conduct of literature courses to the professional educationists. For, after a while, their study of the word and the phrase and their burdensome attempts to make the reading of literature a mere exercise in the process of reading as a science begin to pall, and, feeling the lack of something which ought to be in the study of literature but which in their approach they do not find, they conclude that their distress is a mere matter of method. So they turn longing eyes toward the education department, whose members are professedly proficient in the methods of teaching anything from philology to ichthyology, and they hasten to propose the reduction of graduate study to a succession of courses in methodology and the study of literature to a series of tests and measurements. If the study of literature is ever thus reduced to the absurd, we shall be subjected to hearing literature teachers speak of their courses as "conditioning" undergraduates for entrance into the world (as if they are ever out of it), and we shall be confronted with anthologies and texts on methods whose educational jargon will reduce the works of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Fielding to mere convenient exercises for the application of standardized series of tests and measurements. Then we shall have our appreciation by formula and our aesthetics by textbook statute.

ROUND TABLE

AN ANSWER TO THE SEMI-TECHNICAL READING REQUIREMENT

Some teachers of English in the army and navy cadet training programs have experienced difficulty in complying with the requirement that semitechnical reading matter be used in the English course "to increase the student's understanding and employment of scientific terms and concepts and thereby develop his facility in their use." Many teachers feel that it is impossible to fit this type of material into a course devoted to the broad aims of developing clear thinking, exact expression, and an enjoyment of reading—aims which in the past have been paramount in freshman English and which have been achieved in large measure by class discussion of literary models.

Through experiments with my classes of aviation students at the University of Buffalo, however, I have discovered that the semitechnical reading requirement may be reconciled with the broader methods and objectives of the traditional course in composition. This may be accomplished by training students to look for concealed propaganda in all types of reading material. I use "propaganda" in the sense of attempted persuasion, either apparent or covert. Classroom analysis of propaganda need not be applied to obvious material from enemy sources but may be extended to less suspect material, including technical reports. Surprisingly enough, material from technical journals often contains special pleading, prejudices, disguised motives, and ulterior purposes. In developing the technique of analysis, I have attempted to teach students to distinguish between the ostensible and the hidden purposes of the writer, to analyze the connotation of his word and to penetrate the deceptions of "masked" words.

It is true, of course, that not all semitechnical material is designed to foster a hidden purpose, but it is surprising how often prejudices are reflected in technical reports calling for the most objective style. A selection of this type of material may be made for the students, or they may be allowed to choose their own reading from technical journals and to report on the presence or absence of propaganda as part of their study.

One of our final examinations given to a group of aviation students illustrates the manner in which the technique of propaganda analysis may be applied to semitechnical material. The students were given the following directions and material for analysis:

The following selection is taken from an article on "Chemical Residues of the War," which professes to be a forecast of conditions in the chemical industry during the post-war period. Analyze the selection below, asking yourself whether it is relevant to the subject of the article, whether it contains "masked" words, and whether it is honest or dishonest propaganda. Write a critical and analytical essay setting forth your conclusions.

"And finally another residue and one which is now just appearing is this idea of a socialized and centralized research. I do not know where these ideas come from, certainly not from the trained and experienced chemist. He has only to look at the results of such attempts in past history to know that it offers him no future, and that no greater handicap could be thrown before his progress in his science. Russia socialized research 20 years ago and the Russian contributions to scientific advancement are very small compared with what have come out of this single building (Mellon Institute) we are in, and this is but a small fraction of the American research plant.

"Germany socialized research back in 1936, appointing a colonel of artillery as manager of all research in Germany. I do not know of anything coming out of it, but I do know a lot of handicaps that it threw in front of the individual worker and the individual laboratory, and

how rapidly their production fell off. True, there were reasons other than this socialized centralization, but I saw cases of extremely good men, unfortunately of the wrong political complexion, who lost their entire working equipment by requisition, and with that their contributions to progress stopped.

"Cast a balance sheet of the several types of research institutions in this country, even reduced to a dollar expended, and it will be found that the ledger favors the private individual institution every time. Every individual chemist should go deeply into this alien suggestion, picture where he might be five years from now under the two systems, and then cast his ballot. I am certain that every progressive, fair-minded scientific worker finds that the opportunities lie so heavily on the side of progress through the private institution, into the factory and the executive office, that one should not need to do any missionary work in this direction. Regimentation, versus personal initiative and individual recognition of its accomplishment, is the stake."¹

The answers to this examination question showed that the ideals of English studies—to develop forceful and precise expression, to stimulate clear thinking, and to present a broad, liberal approach to fundamental problems of life—need not be sacrificed to the exigencies of war. Following are representative passages from two typical answers:

I. The author is evidently afraid that chemical research will be socialized after the war. . . . [He] uses as the basis for his argument the fact that Russia and Germany have contributed little to scientific research since their research was socialized. He gives no facts nor figures to support his statement, merely the vague phrase that production has fallen off rapidly. What he means is that neither Russia nor Germany has announced many advances or discoveries to the outside world. This secretiveness is exactly the reason why research was socialized, to keep all new research secret. It is common knowledge that Germany leads the world in research in all sorts of *ersatz* materials. Almost all German aviation gas and rubber are synthetic products. The Germans also probably lead the world in food research and atomic research. . . . The whole German research facilities were central-

ized in 1935 for the purposes of the German war machine. Naturally they would not publish to the world their discoveries. . . .

It is evident then that the author's statement about the inefficiency of socialized research is not based on fact. He assumes that because the government tells the chemist what problems it wants him to work on, that the chemist is regimented, hog-tied, and prevented from doing anything imaginative. . . . As a matter of fact, centralized institutions devoted to one type of research, such as the DuPont and Westinghouse laboratories, have contributed some of the greatest advances in modern research. The author appeals to the emotions of the individual chemist in the last paragraph. He calls on every "progressive fair-minded scientific worker" to picture himself under the two systems and cast his ballot in favor of private research. The implication, of course, is that any chemist who favors centralized and socialized research is not fair-minded or interested in the future of research. He accomplishes the same result in the first paragraph by saying that he is sure the suggestions could not have come from anyone who had ever done any research. This remark threw up the feeling of pride and exclusiveness which everyone has in regard to his specialty. The idea that the suggestions came from outside the fraternity of scientists makes it obnoxious from the start. This suggestion is strengthened farther along by the phrase "alien suggestion."

II. In his first sentence the author says that socialized and centralized research is just appearing, giving the impression that it is something new and daring. . . . Instead of giving exact figures, he states that "Russia's contributions are very small." . . . Then he tries to hide the fact that the Mellon Institute is really a small centralized research establishment by stating, "this is but a small fraction." . . . In his second paragraph the author tries to create a bad impression by making the first sentence start with "Germany." To the average American, "Germany socialized research" immediately lists this type of research as something totalitarian and un-American. . . . His next paragraph starts off with a garbled statement about casting a balance sheet reduced to dollar expenditure. Now he is not the idealist, but he is groveling in mercenary details. It isn't at all possible that private individual institutions can be run cheaper than a large centralized system. There is no comparison to base the cost on. Is

¹ Walter S. Landis, "Chemical Residues of the War," *Chemical and Engineering News*, XXI (April, 1943), 543.

the cost based on results or size of institution or what? . . . For his punch line at the end "Regimentation" is substituted for "Socialization and centralization."

The above technique of analyzing semi-technical material for the detection of propaganda need by no means be limited to written expression but may be used also as an aid in précis work, as the basis of formal speech presentation, and, perhaps most effectively, as a means of stimulating class discussion.

ALFRED OWEN ALDRIDGE

UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO

To the Editor of "College English"

DEAR SIR:

For the past few years I have been using with gratifying success in both our

high school and college departments a two-page "*Hints on Writing*." At the beginning of the year I supply each of my students with a copy, and we "talk it through" quite carefully in preparation for our theme work. (We write themes here in every English course.) Students are always repelled by thick volumes on the art of writing. On the other hand, they are very greatly surprised to find that the principles of writing can be condensed within two pages. Of course we also use standard texts in composition. However, I have found my little "pamphlet" helpful in driving home the fundamentals of good composition.

Very sincerely,

EDWARD A. JENNE

CONCORDIA COLLEGE

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

LESSON

W. EDWARD CLARK

*The rain will run before the wind, my dear,
and all the worried leaves will fall again;
for all the prayers to time are prayed in vain
because, my child, this is no different year.
All that now is young will change, grow sere,
and die within the memory of pain.
The soul is all the traveler may retain,
and even that, my love, is thrall to fear.*

*Therefore go out among the wind and rain
with me, be overwhelmed with time and space,
let all that comes be overcome with greeting.
Truly it is nothing to be slain—
we all are slain. The difference is the face:
of fearless welcome or of vain retreating.*

CURRENT ENGLISH FORUM

P. G. PERRIN, ALBERT H. MARCKWARDT, AND J. B. MCMILLAN

The treatment of *don't* in the third person singular present found in the conventional textbooks could very easily be revised with much more satisfactory results. The usual statements about this "error" either are vague and unteachable or are positively false, but always they are merely the author's *ipse dixit*. Some books simply label *he don't* "wrong" without explaining how and why; others say "*he don't* is ungrammatical; you would never say *he do not*"; still others say "the contraction of *does not* is *doesn't*, since all English verbs end in *s* in the third person singular present."

The first of these dicta is of little help to student or teacher. To expect the youngster to take a textbook's unqualified prohibition when much everyday usage contradicts that prohibition is impossible today. The second offers a reason, but that reason is an irrelevant statement. Of course the student would not say *he do not*; but neither would he say *he wo not* or *he sha not*; yet *won't* and *shan't* are perfectly "grammatical." The third also offers a "reason," but that reason is a gross misstatement of fact. Most English verbs do end in *s* in the third person singular present; but the auxiliary verbs usually do not, and *do* is an auxiliary verb, making *does not* actually more anomalous than *don't*.

Scientific grammar enables the textbook to offer relevant and pragmatically true statements about *don't* and *doesn't*. These statements can be objective and purely descriptive. Two types of data can be offered: (1) linguistic facts and (2) sociological facts. The linguistic facts concern the syntactical, morphological, phonetic, and semantic features; the sociological facts concern the social situations in which speakers regularly avoid use of the locution, presumably because they would be handicapped (thought

illiterate) if they did use it. (This twofold description is demanded by historical language study, which shows unquestionably that from a linguistic point of view "what is, is right"; "right" and "wrong" in matters of grammar are nonlinguistic concepts, matters of etiquette enforced by the mores of the particular social group.) Within each of these two categories two subdivisions are made: (a) present-day facts and (b) historical facts.

The linguistic facts about *don't* as a third person singular form are revealed by standard works on historical and present-day English grammar. Phonetically, *don't* is a homophone of *don't* in the plural and is therefore perfectly regular. In syntax, morphology, and semantics the form is regular; it is "pure English" in the sense that it violates no "law" of the English language.

Now for the sociological facts. We are here concerned, not with what the locution is or has been linguistically, but with when and how people use and have used it and what they apparently believe and have believed about it. Today *doesn't* is regularly preferred to *don't* in the third person singular in formal and semiformal written English. After looking for *he don't* for several years in miscellaneous contemporary writings, including magazines, newspapers, books, and lesser varieties of printed matter, I have failed to find a single instance of it (except "dialect"). There is evidently a strong taboo against the locution in present written English. In semiformal and formal spoken English, such as that used in sermons, radio speeches, and other public utterances, there is also a regular avoidance of *he don't*. In informal English, that used every day in the home and office, there is not so strong a taboo. Studies of "the relative frequency of common errors" show that a large number

of young Americans use *he don't*. And there is no evidence that the usage is peculiar to any one locality. The grammars of Jespersen, Curme, and Kruisinga list *he don't* as a third person singular form in familiar English. Apparently, in numerous circles today there is no social handicap attached to the use of *he don't* in informal English.

Historically, we find about the same facts. Professor Krapp says:

The colloquial contraction *don't* for the third singular of the negative *do*, instead of *doesn't*, seeks not to have attracted the attention of the early grammarians. Undoubtedly it has existed in colloquial speech for centuries, but the choice between *don't* and *doesn't* was probably too slight to engage the attention of students before the rise of the late nineteenth-century school of microscopic purists.¹

The examples of *don't* in the third singular found in the *New English Dictionary* indicate that it has probably never been used without prejudice in formal written English; practically all the citations (Richardson, Pepys, Farquhar, R. Nelson) are to colloquial English used in fiction and drama, although there are two citations which appear to be from rather formal written documents. In *Evelina* Fanny Burney puts "papa don't" in the speech of Miss Branghton, an uneducated Londoner.² In America the locution has never been widely used in formal English, but it has not been avoided as strictly as it has in England. The *New English Dictionary* cites one occurrence in a town record. It appears twice in Jonathan Edwards' "Sinners in the Hands of an

Angry God." Mr. Mencken notes an occurrence in *Innocents Abroad* and quotes a Virginia newspaper editorial defending *he don't* as good colloquial English in Virginia.³ Woodrow Wilson constantly used it in conversation, according to his daughter.⁴ The records thus indicate that, in the past, English-speaking people have preferred *doesn't* on formal occasions but have not enforced a strict taboo against *he don't* in spoken English, particularly in informal situations.

Now, after getting before us a set of linguistic and sociological facts about *he don't*, we should be able to say something that the teacher of English can use. The available evidence indicates something like this: The forms *don't* and *doesn't* in the third person singular are rival forms, differing in connotation. Both are very old, both widespread among native English speakers, both immediately intelligible, both "pure" English (in sound, formation, meaning, history). There is, however, in certain social groups a prejudice against *don't*; the speaker will find this prejudice a handicap to him (exactly as he will find "bad" table manners a handicap) in these groups.

With some such statement about *he don't* in the textbook, the teacher, whether "liberal" or "conservative," would have something understandable, demonstrably true, and invulnerable to objections from skeptical students. The same cannot be said for the three conventional rules about *he don't* cited earlier in this discussion. Furthermore, a statement of this kind furnishes both motivation and remedy to the student.

J. B. McCM.

¹ G. P. Krapp, *The English Language in America* (New York, 1925), II, 264.

² (London: Bohn's Popular Library, 1927), p. 66.

³ H. L. Mencken, *The American Language* (New York, 1936), p. 446.

⁴ Eleanor Wilson, "The Wilsons," *Saturday Evening Post*, November 28, 1936, p. 74.

NEWS AND NOTES

THE PERIODICALS

Poems in the August issue of *Poetry* were all written by servicemen. But the editor, Mr. Peter DeVries, says that no especial attempt was made to answer the query, "What of poets and the war?" Nobody who has been following poetry can have escaped the fact that a generation of poets felt this storm in their bones long before it struck and were very articulate about it. MacNeice, Day Lewis, and others were pointing to events in Spain as the shaping-up of the world struggle to come when the practical guys were still at the country club, drinking Scotch. Now the practical men want the poets to turn out war poetry. War, however, cannot make all poets "occasional" poets. All the weathers of all the years a man has lived press upon an instant to make a poem. In the United States Karl Shapiro reflected on the Unknown Soldier; in Australia he wrote a love poem. Poets in service are continuing to write, in barracks, on board ship, on battlefields, but they do not share the old flamboyant idealism of Rupert Brooke. The discerning realism and the variety of their verse may be suggested by titles from the August *Poetry*: "Paris," "Movie Actress," "Jew," "Jefferson," "Finnegan's Wake," "Man Alone," and "Absent with Official Leave."

Since the days when the Auden-Spender-Day Lewis trilogy dominated the literary scene in England, English poetry has moved a long way. In the June *Poetry* David Daiches interprets what has happened. In the midst of the Spanish Civil War the worried and analytic poetry of the 1930's came to its climax, which was represented by the 1939 anthology *Poems for Spain* (edited by Stephen Spender and John Lehmann), and for which Louis MacNeice's *Autumn Journal* served as the bitter epilogue.

When World War II broke out in the autumn of 1939, poets could not go on merely saying, "So I was right; here is the doom I warned would descend on us if society wasn't changed." At first Spender, for example, felt that he could not write again. But, of course, he has written since the war began, and many new and promising poets have appeared. They have written not simply as critics of civilization but as whole men who are gifted with the ability to express their reactions in poetry. In other words, a fairly loose ideal of self-expression came rapidly to replace the purely critical and diagnostic ideal of the 1930's.

M. J. Tambimuttu, who founded the London *Poetry* magazine in February, 1939, and D. S. Savage have expressed impatience with pontifical critical data and narrow poetic systems. The new magazine "exists as a platform for poets who require more freedom. . . . It is a protest against the modern suppression of free speech in verse." In 1938 a group of poets formed who called themselves "The Apocalypse," and stood for greater freedom. The leaders—Henry Treece, G. S. Fraser, and J. F. Hendry, all young—agreed that "no existent political system. . . . no artistic ideology, Surrealism, or the political school of Auden, was able to provide this freedom." Their first collection, *The New Apocalypse*, came out in 1939, and their second collection, *The White Horsemen*, appeared in 1941. The influence of Dylan Thomas is plain in the whole idea of the Apocalypse. Thomas has restored violence and passion to English poetic imagery. Indeed, his work signifies the birth of a new romantic movement.

Besides *Poetry* (London), the magazine *Horizon* publishes the work of the variegated group of contemporary poets. *Poetry in Wartime*, edited by M. J. Tambimuttu (published by Faber and Faber), contains poems by the Apocalypse group, Nicholas Moore,

Tom Scott, and others who show the promising and exciting direction which English poetry has taken. "The greatest change the war produced in me," Francis Scarfe said, "was to help me towards writing, with deeper feeling and sensual appreciation, lyrics about ordinary things and people."

English teachers confuse the teaching of grammar with the teaching of writing. Students may learn most of the rudiments of "correct" English but may fail to learn the art of achieving factually meaningful statements and the skill to organize statements purposively. The reason for this inefficient teaching is explained by Wendell Johnson in the August *Etc.*, the first issue of a periodical on semantics. Teachers of reading, Mr. Johnson points out, know that one cannot read reading; one can only read history, geography, or some other subject. It is also true that one cannot write writing. As long as the student's primary anxieties revolve around grammar and mechanics, he is not likely to be keenly conscious of the fact that when he writes he is communicating. To communicate effectively, he must realize that his first obligation to his reader is not to be grammatically fashionable but to be clear and coherent. Clarity can be measured in terms of the agreement between writer and reader.

By writing-about-something-for-someone, a student discovers the usefulness of conditional and qualifying terms. He learns to rely less on the dictionary and more on the linguistic habits of the people for whom he writes. He discovers that there are various levels of abstraction and that, if he goes from lower to higher levels, he can use so-called "abstract" words and still be reasonably clear. Above all, he discovers the significance of order, or relations, or structure. Graduate students, on the other hand, sometimes betray by the clumsiness or misleading character of their transitions that they have not learned to depend on the real relations of the parts or events which they are describing or explaining. Clarity is a prerequisite to validity.

To improve the result of their efforts,

teachers of writing must, first, provide students with examples of writing; that is, they must demonstrate the process by writing with and for the students. Second, teachers must emphasize writing-about-something-for-someone. Third, they must give up the theory which makes for unimaginative and lackadaisical teaching, that writing is an art which cannot be taught—that only God can make a tree.

Effective writing is a human necessity in anything resembling a democratic culture, an essential to personal development and to intelligent social organization.

President George W. Diemer, of the Central Missouri State Teachers College, believes that educational experimenting has been more effectively done in the lower grades than in high schools and colleges. In the July *Peabody Journal of Education* he raises questions about college training which suggest that colleges need to follow the example of elementary schools. The principle of self-activity applies at the college level. As Kilpatrick said: "We learn nothing we do not practice. We learn not all the ways we practice but the ways we succeed." Dulness and failure in school, which are often followed by success away from school, are caused mainly by a lack in purpose, not a lack in ability. To arouse motives among the students, teachers need to plan carefully the course as a whole, the work for the day, and the assignments. Assignments should be flexible to meet the interests and abilities of the various members in the class.

The good teacher is no slave to any method. He may lecture at times, use a combination of lecture and discussion, or use almost entirely a discussion method. Visual aids help to vitalize teaching, as do observation trips and the contributions of visitors from social or business institutions. The good teacher stimulates wide reading from books, magazines, and newspapers. Finally, the teacher's attitudes, ideals, interests, and activities are of more lasting importance than his professional knowledge or the preciseness of his methods. To sum-

marize one's college courses would be hard, but anyone easily names his favorite college teachers.

The American university is today dedicated to winning the war, united in a common effort with the armed forces and the basic industries. Before hostilities, however, it had failed to develop the widespread knowledge of languages, mathematics, physics, geography, and other subjects fundamental in the conduct of global war. After 1918, moreover, the university of America as well as of Europe shared in the decadence of democratic society, which after 1939 summoned up spiritual reserves only by a supreme effort.

In the June *Journal of Higher Education* Norman Foerster asks whether the university will again be caught unprepared for peace. In the social and political realms the university and society are determined to profit by the old mistakes. Economic and political reorganization failed after the last war, however, because it was not sustained by a moral and intellectual reorientation. Now we say that we are fighting for civilized values, but our conception of values is in the main negative. Our Four Freedoms are essentially negative. Even so, they are probably potent enough to sustain us in the war. Afterward, we shall have to develop some positive and constructive values.

The Four Freedoms may be summed up in one word: opportunity. Opportunity for what? For "the necessities of life," that is, "the well-being of animals"? If we escape from this confusion, we shall have to achieve an intellectual and spiritual reorientation. First, we need a sufficiently clear conception of the true worth of man. Second, we need a concrete, moving image of man as he ought to be. Third, we need the will to realize this image for ourselves and the will to help others realize it for themselves.

To perform this supremely difficult task is the responsibility of the humanities, a task made trebly formidable by the indifference of the public and by the materialism of the university scholars. President Conant of Harvard has predicted for the humanities

"a new period of growth and evolution," but he wisely adds that "the extent and speed of this rehabilitation will depend on the imagination and statesmanship of those who now teach the liberal arts." Given a new direction, the humanities will emphasize the best that man has done, the best man has said and made, or might say and make, the nature of man's greatness, and the nature of that which is greater than man.

Modes of fiction which exerted a strong appeal in the 1920's and early 1930's have lost ground before other modes. Today differences among novelists and the exaggerated reflection of these differences among critics signify an unusual degree of confusion in regard to the purpose and nature of fiction. In the spring and summer numbers of *Accent*, David Daiches clears up some of this confusion by defining "Problems for Modern Novelists."

The adequate novel is a symbolic communication in which the main characters illuminate more than just themselves. The character may be a historical symbol, as in *Rob Roy*, or a social symbol, as in *Grapes of Wrath*, or psychological, as in the novels of Henry James and Virginia Woolf. To see an object, incident, or character as a symbol demands the insight of an artist; to know how to convey your vision to your readers demands craftsmanship. By some kind of machinery the writer must elicit a guaranteed response to his symbolic meaning. Thus, Jane Austen by means of irony communicates to the reader a sense of sharing her placid elevation. Scott by a conventional love story wins a reader into a favorable reception of the real theme—the tragic loss of Scotland's romantic past in the union with England.

The problem for the novelist is to utilize to the maximum the available prejudices of the reader, for the purpose of creating the proper symbolization. This appeal is the rhetorical aspect of fiction. In the reading of a classic the rhetorical pattern is not fundamentally important, because a reader is willing to overlook it, or struggle with it, being convinced of the author's superior insight.

For the living writer, the rhetoric is important. Like Hemingway or Steinbeck, he may use rhetorical machinery in an obvious manner, or, like Virginia Woolf, he may stress subtle and transient insights into the nature of experience, depending very little on the reader's prejudices. It looks as though the phase of the lyrical or nonrhetorical fiction has passed. A world struggling to assert, not to discover, values will likely return to rhetoric.

As soon as a novelist decides to employ an obviously significant subject matter, for example, the present global war, he is naturally committed to the more solid envelope, to the more rhetorical devices. These devices may overwhelm the symbolization, so that the result is simple rhetoric. Structure or the order of events is only one element in fiction; style is the other element. Like structure, it is a means of providing symbolic expansion of events; it is the proper handling of the plot at any given moment. Structure may give merely recognition; style adds insight to recognition, and literature must communicate both. Writing which produces recognition without insight is journalism, and that which produces insight without recognition is philosophy. There is room, however, for novels of fantasy, argument, and journalism as well as for novels which are more completely revealing.

Freshmen who entered "Fundamentals of Speech" at the Iowa State Teachers College were asked by the instructor, Ernest H. Henrikson, to write papers on whether they liked or disliked oral reading and speaking in grade school and high school. Reporting on the opinions of 140 students (in the June *Journal of Higher Education*), Mr. Henrikson shows the following differences:

	SPEAKING		READING	
	Elementary	High	Elementary	High
Liked	56	56	69	64
Disliked	35	39	24	19
No answer . .	9	5	7	17

Among their reasons for disliking speaking or oral reading, the students mentioned a critical teacher, infrequent opportunities for practice, uninteresting material, and lack of confidence. They liked speaking or reading when the teacher was kind and sympathetic, when they had small, informal classes, and when they had a chance to take part in extra-curricular speech activities.

The teaching of English A, or Freshman English, has changed significantly since America entered the war. Graduate students are in service, the bulk of the registration is now in the freshman classes, and the full professors are now teaching freshman English sections. In the May *Journal of Higher Education* Tom B. Haber expresses the hope that teaching English A will continue to be a respectable profession. It is more expensive for the university to give freshmen the benefit of first-rate teaching, but there is no question that the freshmen deserve it. If, furthermore, graduate students cannot return after the war to part-time positions, the number of Ph.D.'s in English will be reduced in proportion to the need for college teachers. Teaching alternate years in high school would be a better method of paying for graduate study than part-time university teaching. It would raise the level of high-school teaching, help to bridge the gap between high school and college, and allow the graduate student, when in the university, to give his full mind to professional study.

The association of American Colleges (19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City) has published the summary of a report by its Commission on Liberal Education. In the report the commission reviews the post-war situation, outlines the nature and purpose of liberal education, and recommends "Necessary Changes in Educational Procedure."

BOOKS

AN INTRODUCTION TO SEMANTICS

Whether or not it is true that man invented language to conceal his thoughts, it is a fact that, despite our good intentions, our thoughts are liable to be perverted by the words we use. The reasons for this perversion are many; some of them are to be found in the field of ethics, others in the field of semantics. As a philosopher and a student of language, Mr. Philbrick, in his *Understanding English*¹ (he reminds us in his Preface that "the teacher of semantics may find that he has become a teacher of everything"), ranges widely over many fields of knowledge in his analysis of word meanings. Much of what he has to say is wisely cautionary: he puts us on guard against losses or increments that words have sustained, against the false values with which the propagandist so largely deals, against our own facile acceptance of words as fixed entities.

The author reminds us that words in themselves are not fetishes; that they are important for what they represent, not for anything in themselves. He thus administers a salutary corrective to the word-worshipping tendency so often found in a rapidly developing science—in psychology, for example, where it is too often supposed that to give a mental process a name is to explain it.

Four chapters of *Understanding English* are devoted to exposing the dangers of metaphor—"four ways in which thinking can go wrong." No one can ponder these chapters without a tightening-up of his writing habits and an increased awareness of pitfalls in his reading. Equally interesting are the three concluding chapters on the languages of number, science, and art. In the first of

¹ F. A. Philbrick, *Understanding English: An Introduction to Semantics*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1942. Pp. xi+209. \$1.50.

these the author leaves us a thought which seems to me to be of especial significance in our time. Pointing out the fallacy of the quantitative view in education, he says (*pace*, President Hutchins):

To suppose that the difference between a four-year course and a three-year one is somehow eliminated if the student "does" one third more "work" in each year is to be deceived about the nature of education. . . . A child cannot be made to grow twice as fast simply by giving it six meals a day instead of three [p. 140].

Not the least interesting portion of the book are the concluding thirty pages of exercises, which are designed to let the reader share the pleasure and the problems that the author experienced in compiling *Understanding English*. In the exercises as in the text he has drawn generously from lay sources, often setting a colloquial phrase against a specialty. There was but one instance in which I thought his reporting went astray: he refers (p. 57) to *fail* as an example of a bias word, in such a sentence as "John failed to come," commenting that "the phrase suggests, without clearly saying so, that John was at fault." But in very common sense *fail* has ceased to be a bias word and has weakened to a simple negative: "John failed to [=did not] come because he was not ordered to."

But this is a minor point, indeed; and, since in these complicated days it is hardly possible to follow the biblical injunction and confine ourselves to "Yea" and "Nay," it would seem the better part of wisdom to follow the advice of Mr. Philbrick. His stimulating, well-reasoned book should find acceptance in keeping with its good intentions. It is as a text in the beginning language course that *Understanding English* will probably be most useful.

TOM BURNS HABER

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THE PATTERNS OF ENGLISH AND
AMERICAN FICTION: A
HISTORY¹

Professor Gerould has written a thoughtful history of fiction in English from Beowulf to John Steinbeck. The originality of the book consists in its grouping of the material into new "patterns of thought and design" and in its inclusion of all conceivable types of fiction within these patterns. Narrative poetry is combined with prose fiction—*The Faerie Queene* with Sidney's *Arcadia*. The result is a brief history of English culture as interpreted by its fictional and imaginative writers.

But the book has its faults as well as its virtues. It follows the conventional method of dealing with hundreds of minor writers in such brief space that they remain mere lists of names and dates—whole crowded chapters never come to life. In discussing major writers, the author often alternates sections of biography with sections of criticism after the manner of a dry ham sandwich. Sometimes the "patterns of thought and design" become lost in multitudes of facts and statistics. And this fault is emphasized by a frequently academic and Latinized style: "The fecundity of English creative genius has been proved through the vicissitudes of many centuries." Finally, the book suffers from occasional faults of proportion, as when Francis Marion Crawford receives four pages, while Theodore Dreiser is dismissed in two sentences.

But the virtues far outweigh the faults. The author holds to a clear and consistent theory of criticism. His judgments are reasonable even when they are not orthodox: for instance, he believes that "the superiority of Bennett as a novelist to Wells and Galsworthy lay in his greater ability to concentrate his attention on the people in his stories as creatures existing apart from himself." His division of fiction into either "representational" or "interpretative" types is suggestive, even when it seems arti-

ficial. Clearly, Hawthorne and Henry James belong in different patterns from Jane Austen and Thackeray. In the modern period Professor Gerould treats contemporary authors neither with undue admiration nor with undue disdain. The book is so good that one wishes it were even better.

FREDERIC I. CARPENTER

INTRODUCTION TO POETRY

Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of introductory poetry courses: the traditional survey course, which stresses the biographical and historical approach; and the critical course, which stresses analysis, technique, and evaluation. The editors of *Reading Poems*² believe in the critical type of course. They emphasize "the skills of reading rather than the history of poetry," and their aim is intelligent appreciation based upon critical understanding.

The method of the book is unique in several respects. First, the poems are placed at the beginning without formal introductory material of any kind, while all critical apparatus, consisting of notes, questions, appendixes on versification, and a critical essay, "On Reading Poems," comes at the end. The aim is to arrive inductively at principles through actual reading experience. Second, all poems are printed anonymously (there is an Index of Authors at the back of the book) with the intent of securing a reading unbiased by biographical and historical information. This is, of course, the laboratory method of I. A. Richards in his *Practical Criticism*, and the editors acknowledge their indebtedness in the Preface. Third, a section called "The Creation of Poems" has been included which is intended to let the student see the laborious process by which poems are frequently written and revised and to disabuse him of the idea of a too easy inspiration with regard to both the creation and the reading of poems. Various

¹ By Gordon Hall Gerould. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1942. Pp. 506. \$6.00.

² Wright Thomas and Stuart Gerry Brown (eds.), *Reading Poems: An Introduction to Critical Study*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1941. Pp. xiv+781. \$2.75.

versions of poems by Tennyson, Keats, Spender, and Auden are printed.

In other respects the book is more conventional. Since the editors have eschewed the history of literature, the arrangement of the poems is not chronological but according to types and subjects. About one-third of the poems are by twentieth-century authors. The rest are fairly evenly drawn from older English and American poetry, beginning with the sixteenth century.

It will be seen that *Reading Poems* belongs among the newer types of poetry texts which have appeared within the past few years, all of which show in varying degrees the influence of the analytical methods of Richards, the critical theories and tastes of Eliot and the modern school, and the current reaction against literary history both as scholarship and as pedagogical discipline. Professors Thomas and Brown have been more enthusiastic, and perhaps also more courageous, than most in accepting these influences. Their book comes close to reaching an extreme of the analytical method as applied to textbooks. One result is that *Reading Poems* is not an easy book for, let us say, the average college sophomore. It asks him to read closely and challenges him to think critically about what he is reading. In the hands of a capable instructor, however, it should be a distinctly usable book. It is built upon an intelligent principle—that the enjoyment of a poem comes from a critical understanding of that poem. It contains an excellent selection of poems, slightly weighted by a liking for the “metaphysical” poets but with enough variety for individual tastes. The notes are keenly critical. And the essay “On Reading Poetry” is notable for clear thinking on basic critical points and for brevity and clarity of statement.

A. L. BADER

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A COLLEGE INTRODUCTION TO GRAMMAR

Professor Clough has written one of the few books for freshman English that justi-

fies the usual publisher's claim of “a new approach.”¹ It is a textbook on modern English grammar, not a composition handbook. The newness is in the system of analysis based on a set of simple symbols for parts of speech and functions which many teachers may find more useful than conventional diagramming, and in the philosophical discussions designed to explain many features of English.

The author commendably encourages the student to formulate his own grammar inductively, and he rightly insists on the descriptive nature of grammatical rules. True, in his occasional discussions of usage he pays too little attention to levels of usage, and he regards some outdated rules as scientific abstractions rather than as plain errors of older grammarians; but he usually treats usage problems in a sensible and enlightened manner. The remarks on “split infinitives” are sound, and his strictures on inventing “understood” elements to fill out diagrams are excellent.

Freshman English teachers who like to include grammatical analysis in their courses to improve discussions of usage or style will find this book useful. It is not an exhaustive descriptive grammar, and it will not answer many questions about specific forms or constructions; but it should serve to give freshmen a method for analyzing sentences, and it will provoke individual study of the language. Ample exercise material is included, and the organization is such that no one method of teaching is made necessary. The author points out that a teacher who prefers conventional diagramming may ignore his system of symbols and use any particular kind of diagramming.

The philosophical discussions will satisfy adherents of mentalistic psychology, but mechanists will find in them the usual sterile circularity of orthodox “language psychology.”

JAMES B. McMILLAN

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

¹ Wilson O. Clough, *The Science of Grammar*. Laramie: University of Wyoming Bookstore, 1942. Pp. 155. \$1.75. Lithoprinted.

IN BRIEF REVIEW

[Mention under this head does not preclude review elsewhere.]

FOR THE GENERAL READER

Daylight on Saturday. By J. B. Priestley. Harper. \$2.50.

The English author of *Let the People Sing*, *English Journey*, etc., has again written a compassionate and effective novel about the underprivileged of England. In a huge aircraft factory he sees and understands all kinds—including the managers, politicians, and greedy promoters; some of these he admires; others he believes blind to the crisis in human affairs.

Grand Crossing. By Alexander Saxton. Harper. \$2.50.

Michael Reed, young Harvard student, was much troubled by his own and his friends' complacent attitude toward the world. He transferred to the University of Chicago and acquired a very different group of friends—young people who felt a personal responsibility for this world of injustice for the masses. "Which side are you on?" confronted each youth. The young author writes from experience and a knowledge of his subject.

Equinox. By Allan Seager. Simon & Schuster. \$2.75.

Richard Miles, disillusioned war correspondent, returns to America and a lovely, innocent young daughter. He is unduly influenced by a malicious woman and by a psychiatrist—a charlatan—to whom he confides his aroused suspicions of his daughter's love for himself. A tragic Freudian problem that would not survive the test of common sense.

Out of My Mind. By Katharine Brush. Introduction by Westbrook Pegler. Doubleday. \$1.50.

A collection of gay, provocative sketches about things and events and people and affairs—important and otherwise. Good reading.

The Frenzied Prince: The Heroic Stories of Ancient Ireland. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. David McKay. \$3.50.

A book for young people of such beauty in content, style, and illustration that readers of all ages will treasure it. Some of the fine illustrations are in color. In the final chapter are scholarly notes on Irish history and tradition.

Tambourine, Trumpet, and Drum. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper. \$2.50.

The four daughters of Colonel Landess—retired—grew up during the Victorian era and lived through three wars. Individually and as members of English society they faced tragedy. This is a picture of a family, of humanity, in all levels of values, standards, and emotions.

The Three Readers. By Clifton Fadiman, Sinclair Lewis, and Carl Van Doren. Readers' Club Press. \$3.00.

An omnibus of novels, stories, essays, and poems selected and with comments, by the editorial committee of the Readers' Club. In the Preface—"Three Letters to George"—the editors respond to the request that they comment upon the literary tastes shown in the contents. The selections made by each are grouped together—being, as Fadiman says, "reading that I would like to persuade other people to read." The remarks introducing the individual selections are illuminating. There is something for every mood and every personality. Good print.

Songs of Many Wars. By Kurt Adler. Howell, Soskin. \$3.00.

A comprehensive collection of war songs from the sixteenth century to the present. Some have become popular as phonograph records, some on radio; some are widely known, some are new; some are Chinese, some from concentration camps. Piano arrangement by Kurt Adler. Attractive format.

Fools and Foolishness. By Harry C. McKown. School Activities Publishing. \$2.00.

An informative book about little and big things that once seemed foolish and unimportant or impossible. "An intelligent person never laughs at a new idea." The "fool" has often proved to be a wise man and a blessing to humanity.

The Best American Short Stories, 1943, and the Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.75.

In the Foreword the editor comments that the short story this year bridges the world—the world before the war and the world of today. Authors are nostalgic or show a sharpened perception of immediate events. She also comments upon: (1) fantasy; (2) appraisal of attitudes leading to the present war; and (3) sympathy for the underprivileged and foreign-born, the Negro, and "the man next door" as representative themes.

So Little Time. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. \$2.75.

Readers of *The Late George Apley* and *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, will find in this novel the satire, humor, and seriousness which they expect of Marquand. This is the story of Jeffrey Wilson, "play doctor": his life, past and present, his friends, and his family—especially the older son who might have "so little time." Construction is loose and life seems futile, although characters live and on the whole the book holds interest.

The Book of New Poems, 1943. By Oscar Williams. Howell, Soskin. \$2.75.

Photos and biographical notes are included. Archibald MacLeish, Edith Sitwell, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, Robert Frost, and others. A distinguished anthology.

The Goodspeed Parallel New Testament. By Edgar J. Goodspeed. University of Chicago. \$2.00.

The American Translation and the King James version are arranged in parallel columns. A brief essay with history and explanatory notes follows the text of each book.

The End of the Beginning. By Winston S. Churchill. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

A collection of Churchill's speeches made during the third year of the war.

The Night of the Summer Solstice and Other Stories from the Russian War. Selected and with a Preface by Mark Van Doren. Holt. \$2.50.

Heroic short stories about the Russian war written for Russian readers.

The Problem of India. By R. Palme Dutt. International Publishers. \$2.00.

The author is a British Communist of Indian origin, who, while making a conscious effort to be fair, sees only the necessity for India's freedom. He presents arguments which to an unbiased reader seem right and just.

India's Problem Can Be Solved. DeWitt Mackenzie. Doubleday. \$3.00.

Mr. Mackenzie is an Associated Press analyst, who wishes above all to be fair to the English and therefore draws cautious conclusions. He does insist upon new negotiations and on the whole arouses the reader's sympathy for India, at least as far as the Cripps compromise(?) is concerned.

Journey into America. By Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.00.

A re-creation of our nation's past; an attempt to revive for us the spirit of America through picturing for us the men and women, particularly those in the solitudes and market places, away from the city's thronged streets, who have made America what it is.

The Pillars of Security. Sir William H. Beveridge. Macmillan. \$2.50.

In this slim volume of 22 papers the author presents his social security plan as a part of a proposed program for social reform for Britain. This reform is directed against want, disease, ignorance, and idleness.

Battle Hymn of China. By Agnes Smedley. Knopf. \$3.50.

Miss Smedley offers folk tales of China and her experiences of fifteen years as warrior, nurse, and

propagandist. A sympathetic and liberal view of China, yet not wholly hopeful of the immediate future. An important book by a partisan which should reach a large and interested group of readers.

Out in the Boondocks: Marines in Action in the Pacific. By James D. Horan and Gerald Frank. Putnam. \$2.75.

The Marines tell twenty-one stories of fighting in the Pacific: how it feels to face death, to be trapped; how young men react when facing the enemy.

But Gently Day. By Robert Nathan. Knopf. \$2.50.

Robert Nathan has again written a whimsical fantasy. His theme is post-Civil War problems long since solved, as seen through the eyes of a young corporal (dead) of the Air Force (1943). Less effective than some of the author's former whimsies, but there's a moral: wounds do heal.

Survival. By Phyllis Bottome. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

In former novels this author has proved adept in analyzing the emotional crises of her characters. In *Survival* an Austrian doctor of Jewish descent escapes to England, where he helps a community—especially three women and their families—to endure the mental strains of the German raids upon Plymouth.

Old Virginia Gentleman and Other Sketches. By George W. Bagby. Dietz Press, Inc.

Fourth edition of these tales of the South, written by a man and a humorist who knew the southerners in the days of their greatest glory. Popular for three quarters of a century.

A Garland of Straw. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking. \$2.50.

Twenty-eight new short stories by the author of *Lolly Willowes*.

A Treasury of American Song. Text by Olin Downes and Elie Siegmeister. Music arranged by Elie Siegmeister. 2d ed. Knopf. \$5.00.

American folk songs attractively printed in a handsome quarto volume. There are sixteen sections, divided according to theme or phase of pioneer life, including Negro life, western, southern, and lumberjack life, "The Wicked City," and "The Melting-Pot."

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR

The American Way of Poetry. By Henry W. Wells. Columbia University Press. \$2.75.

In a series of brief essays on sixteen poets, Mr. Wells answers these questions: How far is American poetry a unique expression of our native and indigenous way of life? Shall we regard its national qualities as modestly significant or of primary importance? After Melville, the poets mainly con-

sidered are Robinson, Frost, Lindsay, Sandburg, Jeffers, Ransom, Benét, and Crane.

Dictionary of World Literature: Criticism—Forms—Technique. Edited by Joseph T. Shipley. Philosophical Library. \$7.50.

Literary schools, movements, forms, and techniques, including drama and the theater, in eastern and western lands from the earliest times are the subject matter of this encyclopedia. Literary and critical terms are defined. The articles were contributed by 260 authorities, most of them professors in American universities.

Thomas De Quincey's Theory of Literature. By Sigmund K. Proctor. University of Michigan Press. \$3.50.

This book presents the philosophical conflict in De Quincey's mind, caused by the influences of the pre-Kantian and the Romantic philosophers, as the background of his aesthetic. Having explained De Quincey's general aesthetic, Mr. Proctor emphasizes three topics separately: "Literature as Power," "Style," and "Literature as Manipulation: Rhetoric." Professor C. D. Thorpe's addenda on "De Quincey's Relation to German Literature" contains a general review of recent De Quincey scholarship.

A History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. 2d ed. Crofts. \$5.00.

Results of research since 1923, the date of the first edition, and especially of research on the early theaters of New York, Philadelphia, and the frontier, are incorporated in the present edition. Professor Quinn's list of American plays, 1665-1860, has increased to nearly fifteen hundred titles.

Collected Poems of Henry Thoreau. Edited by Carl Bode. Packard. \$4.00. Trade edition, without appendixes and notes on the text, \$3.00.

Every available piece of original verse by Henry Thoreau is collected in this volume. For many of the poems this is the first publication. The plain format of the book is attractive and the printing is excellent.

The Universities Look for Unity. By John Ulric Nef. Pantheon Books. \$0.50.

An essay on the reform of higher learning in which the author advocates a balanced educational program of liberal studies, stressing art, philosophy, and science.

Wordsworth's Formative Years. By George Wilbur Meyer. University of Michigan Press. \$3.50.

This study throws new light on the early development of the poet-philosopher Wordsworth by an examination of the prose and poetry which he wrote from 1787 to 1798. Separate chapters on "The Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff," "Guilt and Sor-

row," and "The Borderers" lead up to the final chapter, "The Naturalism of 1798."

Climates of Tragedy. By William Van O'Connor. Louisiana State University Press. \$1.75.

Mr. O'Connor studies the nature of tragedy in classical and Renaissance drama, and analyzes the "Tragic Failures" of Romanticism, Supernaturalism, and Naturalism.

The Year's Work in English Studies, Vol. XXI. Edited for the English Association by Frederick S. Boas. Oxford, 1940. \$3.75.

All historical periods of English literature, criticism, and the English language are represented in the 1940 volume, which includes reviews of some 1939 publications omitted from Volume XX. Mr. Boas notes that the number of publications in the full first year of the present war was unexpectedly large.

Index to Plays in Collections. By John H. Ottemiller. Wilson. \$2.50.

An author and title index to plays appearing in collections published in England or the United States from 1900 through 1942. Lists 3,841 plays by 890 authors.

A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles, Part XVIII: "Snow-Tap." Edited by Sir William A. Craigie and James R. Hulbert. University of Chicago Press. \$4.00.

FOR THE STUDENT

Favorite Plays of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Barrett H. Clark. Princeton University Press. \$3.75.

Here, attractively printed, are ten of "America's Lost Plays," taken from the twenty-volume series under that name. Most of them are melodramas written between 1870 and 1900 by popular playwrights, among whom are Bronson Howard and David Belasco.

Masters of English Literature, Vol. II. By Paul Spencer Wood. Assisted by Evelyn Mae Boyd. Macmillan. \$3.25.

The second volume, like the first, is a thousand-page, double-column anthology of prose and poetry by major writers. Excellent notes, critical and historical introductions, and bibliographies provide a valuable and usable background for the student's understanding of the text. In the second volume the list of twelve authors begins with Johnson and ends with Arnold.

Voices of History, 1942-43. Edited by Franklin Watts. Gramercy. \$3.50.

This volume records the progress of world events month by month in the year 1942. In the list of leading statesmen whose speeches, reports, and

letters are selected, the names of Roosevelt and Churchill are most frequent and Stalin's name appears repeatedly. Cripps's "Proposals to India" is followed by Gandhi's "'Quit India' Resolution." The President's broadcast to the French people in November, 1942, is followed by the French text of the broadcast. Speeches by Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, Franco, and other Fascist leaders are presented side by side with the interpretations of great issues from the United Nations.

The Philosophy of American Democracy. Edited by Charner M. Perry. University of Chicago Press. \$2.00.

A series of five lectures, given at the University of Chicago under the Charles R. Walgreen Foundation for the Study of American Institutions, by Professors T. V. Smith, Clarence H. Faust, and Frank H. Knight. The subjects are Thomas Paine, Justice Holmes, "The Rhetoric of the Debate over the Adoption of the Constitution," "The Meaning of Freedom," and "The Ideal of Freedom."

Basic Principles of Writing. By W. Otto Birk, Frederick William Holmes, Harold Wesley Melvin, and Joseph Lee Vaughan. Pitman. \$2.00.

A large, general-purpose textbook in three parts: "Procedures," "Types," and "Handbook." Especial care is given to creating favorable attitudes toward writing and sound habits of preparing, planning, and revising.

Smart's Handbook of Effective Writing. By Walter K. Smart and Daniel R. Lang. 3d ed. Harper. \$1.35.

This handbook defines and illustrates effectiveness and correctness in the use of English. Conveniently planned to be the intermediary between instructor and student in theme revision, it presents an inclusive, readable table of problems in expression, together with the symbols which index the contents of the volume. The book also contains exercises for classroom use.

Direct Communication, Written and Spoken. By Robert Gorham Davis, F. G. Fassett, William C. Greene, Frederick C. Packard, and Mark Schorer. Heath. \$1.25.

Concise chapters on the elements of communication by writing or speaking with practical exercises on wartime interests. The psychology of communication, pronunciation, the design of the sentence, and report-writing illustrate the kind and variety of the topics treated.

Adventures in Reading. By William Foster Hayes. Colonial Process Printing Co. \$1.00.

This neat volume of 218 pages is meant to be used as a reading diary. Except for brief quotations on the values of reading, the pages are blank and are attractively lined for the notes to be made on books read.

Manual and Workbook in English. By Mody C. Boatright and Dorothy R. Long. Holt. \$1.20.

"This manual and workbook treats all parts of the freshman course in composition which the authors in their own experience have found adaptable to treatment through exercises"—fundamentals of grammar, skill in reading, principles of research, effectiveness of diction and sentence patterns.

Editing the Day's News. By George C. Bastian and Leland D. Case. 3d ed. \$3.50.

An expertly written practical guide to the work of collecting, preparing, and displaying the news. Numerous photographs and examples of news-writing make the exposition concrete and lively.

Radio Workshop Plays. By James M. Morris. Wilson. \$3.00.

The author, who is director of drama for Station KOAC, Oregon State College, has enlarged his anthology, first published in 1940. All 26 plays in this volume have been produced by Oregon students. Suitable for high-school and college use, the plays are royalty-free for noncommercial radio production.

Selected Writings and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by T. Harry Williams. Packard. \$0.95.

Nearly 300 pages of Lincoln's writings and speeches from 1832 to 1865. The editor, who has contributed a 60-page Introduction, has made selections which present Lincoln, the philosopher of democracy, not the complete Lincoln. An attractive and useful anthology.

A History of English Literature. By William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morss Lovett. New and enlarged ed. by Fred B. Millett. Scribners. \$2.00.

The last revised edition (1935) has been carefully edited page by page, and the account of English literature has been extended to 1940. The bibliographies have been re-worked from the beginning. The entire book has been re-set.

Ephrata: A Play in Two Parts. By Frank Neusbaum and Kathryn M. Popp. Foreword by Sylvester K. Stevens. Dramatists Play Service. \$0.50.

Produced at Pennsylvania State College, this play is a historical romance of 1743, which occurs in the Cloisters of Ephrata. Once the property of a fanatical Seventh-Day Baptist sect, the Cloisters are now a state historical park.

A HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH

WITH EXERCISES

By Charles W. Roberts, *University of Illinois*
Jesse W. Harris, *Southern Illinois Normal University*
and Walter G. Johnson, *University of Illinois*

Professors who have seen this book in proof call it the most "undergraduate-minded" handbook that has yet been made available. It is believed that the text is more fully adapted to the actual needs of American undergraduate students than any other handbook now on the market. It is designed for the average student rather than for the above-average or exceptional. Its simple, direct presentation is free from technical terminology, and its abundant exercise material is restricted to current American expression. The book is briefer and more to the point than most freshman handbooks. The material is conveniently arranged in units, the principles appearing on the left-hand page, the exercises following on the right. This page-by-page theory is in keeping with the trend of *learning by doing*: first, the concise presentation of rules with clear, well-chosen examples, and then, immediately following, a generous and thorough selection of exercises offering the fullest opportunity for drill and practice in the fundamentals of English grammar and composition. The text is especially recommended for today's war courses. 5 × 7½. *Approximately 304 pages. Probable price, \$1.50*

PRACTICAL WORD STUDY

By W. Powell Jones, *Western Reserve University*

"Easily the best of the manuals and workbooks we examined."—ALEXANDER M. WITHERSPOON, *Yale University*. 8½ × 11. 100 tear-out pages, designed to fit student's notebook. \$1.00 (Teacher's Key available.)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS • 114 Fifth Avenue • New York 11, N.Y.



Two Outstanding New Books

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE AND REPORTS

By A. C. HOWELL, Professor of English, University of North Carolina.
179 pages, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$. \$1.50.

Here is a clearly organized handbook on Army writing practices—the first manual of its kind in which the majority of Army forms requiring original composition are treated, and in which are digested the principal regulations and manuals covering writing problems.

In the appendixes will be found much useful information for Army writers: a style manual; check-lists of requirements and suggested layouts for civilian letters and for Navy correspondence; and a bibliography.

MANUAL OF NAVAL CORRESPONDENCE

By HEISKELL WEATHERFORD, JR., Lieutenant (jg), Naval Training School (Indoctrination), U.S. Naval Air Station, Quonset Point, R.I. 90 pages, $8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.

In this book the author meets the urgent need for an authoritative text and desk book covering completely in a single volume the preparation of Naval correspondence.

Preliminary editions were successfully used by the author in several classes of officer students, and also proved highly valuable to individual members of Navy personnel in their routine daily correspondence.

The material in these preliminary editions has now been brought up to date and considerably expanded, and includes not only the standard and well known forms of Naval correspondence, but also the changes instituted for use among the shore establishments.

Send for copies on approval

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, Inc.

330 West 42nd Street

New York 18, N.Y.

Wartime Books

WHEAT

The Democratic Tradition in America

Widely used by Army and Navy college training units. Contains selections from the books suggested for reading in English and History in the A.S.T.P. The selections, of real literary merit, are inspiring and informative writings about America. STUDY GUIDE contains comments, questions, theme topics, etc. Edited, with biographical notes, by COL. CLAYTON E. WHEAT, U.S. Military Academy, West Point. \$2.00

CASKEY-HEIDLER-WRAY

College Composition, Brief Course

Makes common sense and common practice the bases for good writing. Many of the selections are relevant to wartime. Rules and illustrative grammatical material are in a simply indexed HANDBOOK section. *Brief Course* (Chapters I-IV and HANDBOOK) \$1.25; *Complete* \$2.25

SCHNEIDER and SANFORD

A College Book of Prose

Seventy-six selections which give historical perspective in their approach to today's problems. \$2.20

BLODGETT and JOHNSON

Readings for Our Times

A superb anthology which brings together readable first-rate literature—both grave and gay—that is always contemporary. Two volumes, totalling more than 1200 pages, contain (I) essays, diaries, biography, current articles; (II) three short novels, short stories, drama, and poetry. Each volume, \$2.00

Ginn and Company

Boston New York Chicago Atlanta Dallas Columbus San Francisco

*A Concise English Course for
Army and Navy College Programs*

DIRECT COMMUNICATION

Written and Spoken

Davis, Fassett, Greene, Packard, Schorer

A non-literary manual emphasizing clear thinking as the requisite of all writing and speaking. States the essential principles of the logic of communication with ample and usable suggestions for putting them into practice. Gives primary attention to written communication with instruction in oral communication needed by student officers, and concrete suggestions for self-training in effective reading.

254 pages. Cloth, \$1.50. Paper, \$1.25

D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS LONDON



Now Ready



NAVY CORRESPONDENCE AND REPORT FORMS

By ROYAL S. PEASE, Professor of English and History
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

with the aid as consultant of H. V. WILEY, Captain, U.S.N.
Chairman, Department of Electrical Engineering
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

AN AUTHORITY manual of naval letter and report writing, based on the course given at the United States Naval Academy, prepared by the man who has supervised and taught the course there for many years, and designed for text use in Navy V-12 courses.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Boston 7 New York 16 Chicago 16 Dallas 1 Atlanta 3 San Francisco 5